COMMON SCHOOL ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

I. H. BROWN.

BROWN'S ELOCUTIONARY SERIES.

INTER-OCEAN

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION

AND ORATORY,

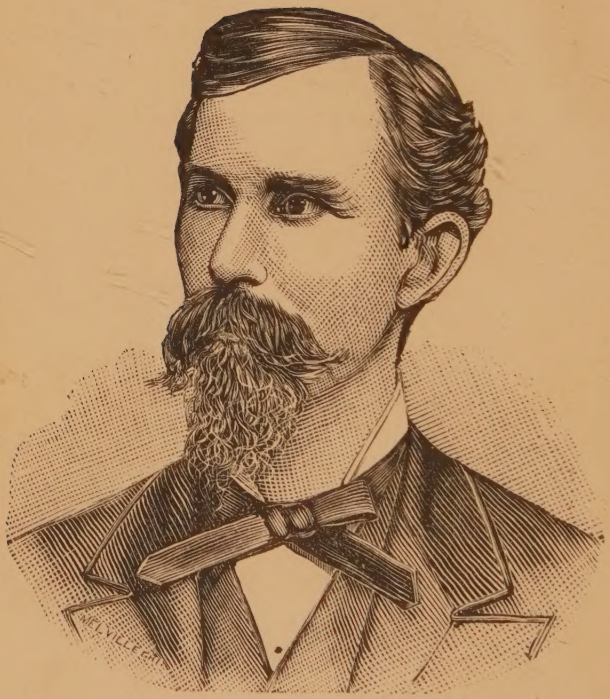
SAINT LOUIS.

I. H BROWN, - Principal.

Pure love and tender
My love must be
Tall handsome and slender
May love may be
But if the first be his
Who loves me
My heart will rest in bliss
And constancy

To Hannah.

From Nellie



Yours very truly,
L. H. Brown.

COMMON SCHOOL

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY:

A MANUAL OF VOCAL CULTURE BASED UPON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES PHILOSOPHICALLY PRESENTED AND FULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH APPROPRIATE SELECTIONS FOR READING AND RECITATION.

DESIGNED FOR

COMMON SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, COLLEGES AND PRIVATE LEARNERS.

BY

I. H. BROWN,

Teacher of Elocution and Oratory.

ST. LOUIS:
I. H. BROWN & CO.
1886.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1885, by
I. H. BROWN,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

St. Louis:
Press of Nixon-Jones Printing Co.

Becktold & Co.,
Book Manufacturers.

PREFACE.

This book is presented to the public in obedience to that trite commercial maxim, "The demand will summon the supply."

The need of better readers and speakers was never more urgent than now.

Deficiency in expressive reading and effective speaking has been observed and deplored for years.

An impression has prevailed that clear, strong *sense* reading is a natural endowment, and therefore unattainable by those not favored by nature. This impression is strengthened by the fact that the daily study of readers, arithmetics, geographies, grammars, etc., by our youth,— all requiring the exercise of reading, — gives them but little skill in rendering the thoughts contained on the printed page. Let it be remembered, however, that the energy of this daily exercise, from the Primary department upward, is expended upon the mere *naming* of words, with little or no *expression of their related significance;* that the teacher, in most cases, is the text-book, and that few text-books go far beyond *rules* for inflection, emphasis and pauses.

A similar idea regarding writing formerly had many

advocates. Commercial Colleges have effectually exploded this theory by proving that rapid, easy, graceful writing is the result of skillful instruction, based upon a well defined *method*, and that it is attainable by all who are capable of receiving rational instruction.

Within the last ten years schools of oratory and many institutions of less pretentious title have demonstrated the assertion that, "Good reading is attainable by the masses."

The experience of the author with boys and girls shows that by the *same method* of instruction employed by professional readers, children are capable of becoming good readers in a shorter time than adults.

The question now arises, "How can these methods be so presented in text-books that the untrained teacher can secure the desired results."

In the preparation of the present volume this question has constantly appeared at the head of each page. How far it has been answered will appear from a consideration of the following statements: —

1. The act of reading aloud depends, first, upon a copious supply of breath under the control of the will; and, second, upon a clear, pleasant and decided articulation, the process of which appears to be no part of the reader's concern. To secure these requisites, exercises have been imposed that render progress in pages impossible till principles are mastered.

2. The exercise of reading is a continued application of the laws of logic; therefore, the first step in securing intelligible reading is to lead the pupil to dis-

cover that every thought, sentiment, passion and emotion has its peculiar method of manifestion, requiring the employment of appropriate Quality, Force, Stress, Pitch, Movement, Slides, Pauses and Grouping. This principle is the science of expression; its application is the art of reading. To aid the pupil in mastering both this science and art, illustrations in nature are cited, concise directions are given and numerous examples from representative writers are introduced. These selections illustrate nearly every human idea; and their thorough study and frequent reading, with the aid of the appended KEY, will accomplish more than the unguided perusal of many volumes of miscellaneous reading matter.

3. Finally, to read with that effectiveness which shall convey to the hearers fully and clearly the meaning of an author requires absolute command of those elements of expression which are peculiarly adapted to the thought to be expressed. A knowledge of these elements, and facility in their correct use is attained by simple definition and appropriate exercises.

4. Part IV. is devoted to Action. It is intended as a guide in securing a more healthful and graceful position in reading, and in cultivating a correct taste in the application of gesture to public speaking. The subject is philosophically developed by referring the learner to nature for the reason of every action employed in the illustration of thought.

5. Part V. seeks to develop intelligent reading by the perception and conception of the thought through a

rigid analysis of the sentence, termed Grouping. The process involves good taste and judgment, is an invaluable literary drill, and is not beyond the capacity of the average grammar school pupil.

This book is designed to be supplementary to the Fourth and Fifth Readers. It may be used advantageously instead of the latter.

That "Common School Elocution" may contribute something towards elevating the art of reading from the mechanical process of word naming to its highest logical and intellectual development, is the sincere wish of the AUTHOR.

AUGUST 5, 1882.

PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION.

Acting upon the solicited hints of more than a hundred teachers now using the "Common School Elocution," many new features have been inserted in the body of this work, and a Part VI., devoted to Original Discourse and Extemporaneous Speech, has been added, thus supplying a very general want among students preparing for public life.

I. H. B.

ST. LOUIS, February 1, 1885.

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OUTLINE OF COMMON SCHOOL ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

By I. H. BROWN.

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

- I. Respiration.
  - Abdominal.
  - Chest.
  - Dorsal.
  - Costal.
  - Waist.
  - Effusive.
  - Expulsive.
  - Explosive.
- II. Articulation.
  - Vocals.
  - Subvocals.
  - Aspirates.
  - Consonants.
  - Diphthongs.
  - Orthœpy.
- III. Vocal Expression.
  - Voice Culture.
  - Voice Preservation.
- IV. Action.
  - Position.
  - Movements.
  - Gesture.
  - Facial Expression.
- V. Grouping.
  - Emphasis.
  - Pauses.
  - Sentiment.
- VI. Original Discourse.
  - The Six Parts.
  - Conversation.
  - Extemporaneous Speech.

ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS.

- Quality.
  - Normal....
    - Pure Tone.
    - Orotund.
  - Abnormal.
    - Plaintive.
    - Pectoral.
    - Guttural.
    - Aspirate.
    - Nasal.
    - Falsetto.
- Force.....
  - Subdued.
  - Moderate.
  - Full.
  - Sustained.
- Stress.....
  - Radical.
  - Median.
  - Final.
  - Compound.
  - Thorough.
  - Intermittent.
- Pitch.
  - Concrete.
    - Middle.
    - High.
    - Low.
  - Discrete.
- Movement.....
  - Moderate.
  - Rapid.
  - Slow.

ACCIDENTAL ELEMENTS.

- Quantity.....
  - Medium.
  - Long.
  - Short.
- Slides.....
  - Upward.
  - Downward.
- Waves.
- Melody.
- Slur.
- Emphasis.
  - Absolute.
    - Quality.
    - Force.
    - Stress.
    - Pitch.
    - Movement.
  - Relative.
  - Cumulative.
- Pauses.....
  - Moderate.
  - Long.
  - Short.
- Cadence.
- Climax.
- Anti-Climax.

COMMON SCHOOL

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

INTRODUCTION—GENERAL OUTLINE.

1. ELOCUTION.

1. Elocution (from *e*, out, and *loqui*, to speak) is the expression of feeling and thought by means of the voice.

2. As now applied by elocutionists, it includes the science and art of conveying thought by all the organs of the body, in an easy, graceful, and forcible manner.

3. Its study and systematic practice, *based upon principles of nature*, make the voice clear, strong, flexible, and melodious; and give the body and limbs a pliancy and harmony of motion that render the position and action of the speaker or reader at once graceful and natural.

4. The complete mastery of its principles enables the speaker not only to express his thoughts clearly and easily, but to so vivify and illuminate those thoughts that his hearers see, hear, and *feel* the unquestioned truth of his argument.

5. The gift of reason to the human race derives its value from the gift of speech; but the speech of nature

is so trammeled by habit and corrupted by associations, that the promptings of our God-nature, as revealed in speech, are practically ignored. Nature, in most cases, means habit, and has been very properly designated, "second nature."

6. Elocution calls into action the most vital organs of the body, in a manner, too, that stimulates them to their most exalted capabilities and consequent development; hence, the importance of studying it in youth.

7. A single sentence may be the exponent of years of study and experience, as in the case of Sheridan; but its utterance with the astounding effect peculiar to that great master of oratory, comes only with the most careful practice.

8. Correct elocutionary training has for its object the complete subordination of the physical being to the service of the mind and spirit, *thought* being the product of the inner spiritual man, and *speech* and *gesture* its natural outlet through the exterior or physical man.

2. Requirements of Good Elocution.

1. A full and free respiration;
2. A correct and distinct articulation;
3. A thorough knowledge and perfect control of all the elements of vocal expression;
4. Complete control of every muscle of the face, hands, feet, and body;
5. A thorough understanding of the thought to be expressed.
6. Perfect self-possession.

3. Division of the subject.

These six requisites divide the subject of elocution naturally into six parts, which are designated as follows: —

PART I. *Respiration.*
PART II. *Articulation.*
PART III. *Elements of Vocal Expression.*
PART IV. *Action.*
PART V. *Grouping.*
PART VI. *Original Discourse.*

THE READER'S POSITION.

Book in the left hand, thumb and little finger in front, first, second and third fingers at the back of the book; the elbow *not* touching the side. The book should be held in such a manner that a line drawn from the eyes toward the page would intersect the plane of the book at right angles. The full face of the pupil should be seen by the teacher. The weight of the body should be supported, while reading, on *both* feet, the left heel two or three inches in advance of the hollow of the right foot. The chest should be elevated and expanded, the position erect and easy.

4. SUGGESTIVE HINTS TO TEACHERS.

1. Whatever indifference or languor the pupil exhibits in other exercises, no feeble effort is to be tolerated in elocution. Require a constant and vigorous mental and bodily activity, or excuse the laggard from participation.

2. The exercise should be performed according to the text, mastering each principle as it is presented. When the book is completed review the examples whose elements are given in the key, with all accompanying requisites to secure the most effective expression possible.

3. The exercises in Respiration are not only beneficial in the cultivation of voice power, but are healthful and invigorating, and should not be abridged.

4. The mere pronunciation of the words in articulation will not repay the time occupied in the act. The elements must be *accurately* and *vigorously uttered alone* — each articulated with that incisive energy that implies a finality.

5. The questions placed at the close of certain topics are *not* to be asked by the teacher, but should be used in the following manner: each pupil rises as called, and, holding the book open, reads and answers as many questions as the teacher may assign to him.

6. Read the Lesson Occasionally for the Class. Group the words of a paragraph or an entire selection; read each group separately, stopping for the class to repeat it with appropriate expression.

7. The selections are admirably adapted for declamation, and if used as such, after their component elements of expression are mastered, they will lay the foundation of an effective oratorical power.

8. The process of Grouping can be profitably used as a syntactical and rhetorical drill. As a blackboard exercise, permitting class criticism, it will be very interesting and valuable.

9. No amount of instruction will compensate for a meagre drill. The highest excellence in reading or speaking requires the same conditions as music, painting, and poetry, — Practice, *Practice*, PRACTICE.

PART I.

5. RESPIRATION.

1. Respiration, or breathing, is the act of taking air into the lungs and expelling it from them.

2. Voice is dependent upon a proper and sufficient supply of air for its purity, power, and flexibility; hence, habits of correct breathing should be acquired early and adhered to faithfully.

3. The organs concerned in respiration are, the Diaphragm, Abdominal Muscles, Thoracic (chest) Muscles, Larynx (Adam's Apple), the Trachea (windpipe), the Bronchia (branches of the windpipe), and the Lungs. These should be kept in a healthy condition by judicious use and frequent practice. They are capable of being subjected to the will to such an extent that respiration is said to be suspended by the pearl fishers of India from three to four minutes.

Note. — The longer a reader can hold his breath the more effective will be his delivery of those complex sentences that become almost meaningless if broken by spasmodic gaspings for breath.

4. In the exercises which follow, enter upon your work with vigor and earnestness, determined to accomplish the results sought. Keep your thoughts directed

upon the organ in action. Estimate each day your improvement upon the previous accomplishments.

5. Bear in mind that as *voice* is dependent upon a copious supply of air, under the control of the will, so effective breathing is dependent upon *pure blood*, which, in turn, owes its existence to proper and sufficent food and physical exercise.

6. As a reward for your faithful practice of these exercises in respiration, you are promised an increased activity and buoyancy of spirits, a command of voice that will be pleasing to your friends, and above all, a vigor of mind and body that can accompany only perfect health.

6. Position of the Body.

Stand erect, without constraint, with one foot slightly in advance of the other, with the body mainly supported by the rear foot. Throw the shoulders backward and downward. Project the chest as fully as may be without a sense of effort. Keep the mouth *shut* unless directed otherwise. In this connection, the pupil is reminded that the mouth should be kept closed at *all* times when not in actual use. Breathing must be performed through the nostrils, and not through the mouth.

7. Breathing Exercises.

NOTE. — Continue each of the following exercises from three to five minutes.

1. ABDOMINAL BREATHING. Place the fingers upon the abdominal muscles and thumbs upon the costal

muscles. Take a full breath, forcing the abdominal muscles outward, then let the muscles sink in as the breath comes out. Hold the shoulders firm.

2. Chest Breathing. Relax the muscles of the chest. Take a full breath, and expand the chest to its full capacity. Exhale slowly; direct the thoughts to the object to be accomplished in this, as in all other exercises.

3. Dorsal (back) Breathing. Place the fingers at the back of the dorsal muscles, and thumbs on the sides. Take a full breath, trying to expand the muscles under your fingers as much as possible. Exhale slowly and evenly. This method of breathing is particularly healthful, and care should be taken to dress so that its free action be not impeded.

4. Costal (rib) Breathing. Place the fingers on the costal muscles and the thumbs at the back. Take a full breath, distending the muscles of the ribs as much as possible. In exhaling, let the sides sink in to their full extent.

5. Waist Breathing. With hands hanging by the sides inhale with a view of distending the entire circle of the waist. Let the breathing be full and deep.

6. Holding the Breath. A valuable exercise for controlling the breathing is to practice the "Waist Breathing" method for a few seconds, until the muscles employed are under the control of the will, and then observe, by noticing the second-hand of a watch, how long you can hold your breath.

7. Effusive Breathing. Inhale naturally, filling

the lungs, then exhale through the *mouth gently* and *gradually* in the sound of the letter *h*, giving out only sufficient breath to keep the sound audible.

8. EXPULSIVE BREATHING. Inhale as before, and expel the air *forcibly* but *gradually* through the mouth in the sound of the letter *h*.

9. EXPLOSIVE BREATHING. Inhale as before to your utmost capacity, and send forth the breath from the mouth as *suddenly* as possible in the sound of the letter *h*.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Of the foregoing exercises, the *Abdominal Method* is the most important.

2. Keep the chest expanded at *all* times; be careful not to *elevate* the shoulders.

3. Breathe fully and vigorously *pure* air; this will give you increased mental energy and activity.

4. The abdominal walls should be supported by the abdominal *muscles*.

5. Permit no air to enter the mouth; inhale through the *nostrils*. Gaping and yawning result from imperfect respiration; attention to proper breathing for a few months will dispense with their necessity.

6. Do not read or speak when the lungs are exhausted.

7. Waste no breath; use a pure tone quality. [See 46.]

8. Acquire such control of respiration that you can utter three hundred syllables without taking breath.

TEST: Read the 1st and 2nd paragraphs of "Two BOOT-BLACKS," or all of No. 11, page 52, in one breath.

MISCELLANEOUS RESPIRATORY EXERCISES.

1. The following breathing exercises are designed, in connection with appropriate calisthenics and gesture, to develop a strong, vigorous physique, intellectual activity, and command of voice, and to protect the student from lung and throat diseases.

2. To secure the greatest benefit from their practice they should receive constant attention. In order that the student may practice some method at all times without interference with other duties, they are made to embrace the utmost variety of forms of respiration. He who aspires to the greatest command of his natural powers should attend to all.

3. Stand erect; expand and project the chest; do not elevate the shoulders; inhale through the nostrils. This position is termed *active chest;* maintain it in standing, walking, and sitting.

4. When walking assume the *active chest.* Hold the shoulders firm. Imagine yourself drawn forward by some unseen power with a cord about your waist.

5. When you retire lie upon your back, slightly project the chest, tightly compress the lips, inhale deeply and evenly until you fall asleep. This practice will in a few weeks become a habit, and as a result of its observance you will sleep soundly and awake refreshed, without the unpleasant taste so common to mouth breathers and snorers.

6. Select any composition with many long and involved sentences, and endeavor to read it without

permitting any air to enter the mouth, inhaling always through the nostrils.

7. Take a full breath and vocally prolong the syllable *ah*, at first ten seconds, and gradually increase the time until you can continue the sound sixty seconds without discomfort or a perceptible tremor of voice

8. Assume *active chest*. Inhale and exhale a number of times as in *abdominal breathing*, after which repeat the alphabet, distinctly pronouncing each letter, as many times as you can without taking breath. Practice will enable you to repeat the alphabet from eight to ten times with a single breath.

9. Repeat the vowels ă ĕ ĭ ŏ ŭ in rapid succession as many times as you can in one breath, keeping count by marking with a pencil. In addition to the respiratory benefit accruing from this exercise it gives command of the Radical Stress (page 112), an accomplishment of great importance to the speaker.

10. Assume the active chest. Inhale and exhale vigorously for a few minutes, then laugh out *explosively* the syllables ha! ha! ha! Continue the exercise from twenty to thirty seconds without taking breath.

11. *No medicated tonic is equal to copious inhalations of pure air.* Upon going into the fresh air after rising from sleep, never fail to engage in a vigorous respiratory exercise, including all forms of breathing. When opportunity is afforded add the *whole arm movement* on page 240, or any other muscular motion permitting rhythmic execution.

PART II.

8. ARTICULATION.

1. ARTICULATION is the utterance of the elementary sounds of a language by the proper organs of speech.

2. A distinct and ready articulation is *not natural* to all, and can be acquired only by frequent and long-continued drill upon elementary sounds, either alone or in combination. No elocutionary exercise should be ended without devoting some portion of it to the development of a clear, sharp-cut and decided articulation.

3. An elementary sound is a sound produced by a single impulse of the voice.

4. The organs employed in the production of elementary sounds are, the Lips, Teeth, Tongue, Palate and Nasal organs, assisted by the respiratory organs.

5. Vocals, or Tonics, consist of tone unmodified by the organs of speech.

6. Subvocals are tones produced by the voice [See Art. 39.] and speech organs combined.

7. Aspirates are mere breathings modified by the organs of speech.

8. Vowels must be distinguished from vocals. Sounds are divided into vocals, subvocals and aspir-

ates. Letters are divided into vowels and consonants.

9. Labials, or lip-sounds, are made by the lips.

10. Linguals, or tongue-sounds, are made by the tongue.

11. Linqua-dentals, or tongue-teeth-sounds, are made by the tongue and teeth.

12. Linqua-nasals, or tongue-nose-sounds, are made by the tongue, the sound passing through the nose.

13. Palato-nasals, or palate-nose-sounds, are made by the palate, the sound passing through the nose.

14. Palatals, or palate-sounds, are made by the palate.

15. The English Language contains forty-four elementary sounds, classified according to the organs employed in producing them, as follows: —

9. Vocals.

ā long, as in āte.
ă short, as in ăt.
å middle, as in åsk.
ä Italian, as in ärm.
a̤ broad, as in a̤ll.
â double, as in âir.
ē long, as in ēve.
ĕ short, as in ĕlk.
ẽ modified by r, as in ẽrr.
ī long, as in īce.
ĭ short, as in ĭnk.
ō long, as in ōld.
ŏ short, as in ŏdd.
o̤ long oo, as in pro̤ve.
o̤ short oo, as in wo̤man.
ū long, as in ūse.
ŭ short, as in ŭs.

10. Sometimes classed as Diphthongs.

ā = $\widehat{\text{ă} + \text{ē}}$. ō = $\widehat{\text{ŏ} + \text{o̤o̤}}$. oi = $\widehat{\text{ŏ} + \text{ĭ}}$.
ī = $\widehat{\text{å} + \text{ē}}$. ū = $\widehat{\text{ē} + \text{o̤o̤}}$. ou = $\widehat{\text{ŏ} + \text{o̤o̤}}$.

11. Labials.

Subvocals.	*Aspirates.*
b, as in boy.	p, as in pin.
v, as in vine.	f, as in fire.
w, as in we.	wh, as in what.
m, as in man.	

12. Lingua-Dentals.

Subvocals.	*Aspirates.*
d, as in did.	t, as in tin.
th (vocal), as in this.	th (sharp), as in think
j, as in jar.	ch, as in church.
z, as in zone.	s, as in see.
z (-zh), as in seizure.	sh, as in shine.

13. Linguals.

Subvocals.	
l, as in lull.	(No aspirates.)
r, as in roar.	

14. Lingua-Nasal.

Subvocal.	
n, as in nun.	(No aspirate.)

15. Palato-Nasal.

Subvocal.	
ng, as in song.	(No aspirate.)

16. Palatals.

Subvocals.	*Aspirates.*
g, as in gay.	k, as in kin.
y, as in you.	h, as in how.

17. Exercises in Articulation.

1. No single subject taught in connection with elocution and reading is of greater importance than articulation; and yet, the exercises prepared for drill are usually regarded so *irksome* and profitless as to receive but little attention at the hands of the instructor and pupil. This neglect is due, first, to a want of appreciation of the great benefit derived from a persistent and intelligent use of the tables, and second, to a want of method in conducting the exercise.

2. To furnish a method that will prove interesting and productive of desirable results, the following suggestion is given; and those who aspire to a clear, easy, and pleasant delivery are urged to follow it.

3. Instead of merely pronouncing the element and word designed for practice in a spiritless, feeble manner, *spell* by *sound* the *entire word* distinctly and with force sufficient to fill a large room. In this manner conduct every exercise in articulation; and by the time the prescribed exercises are completed you will have attained an enviable skill in distinctness of utterance.

4. To this suggestion may be added the hint that every exercise in conversation and reading should be made an exercise in articulation.

5. Stand erect, keep the head up, the eyes to the front, the chest expanded, the shoulders thrown back, and your mind upon what you are doing.

18. Exercises on Vocals.

Utter with special force the element under consideration.

1. ā, as in ate.

Kate	came	say
ale	played	hay
stage	gray	aid

2. ă, as in at.

had	mat	man
ran	bad	hast
sat	cat	that

3. å, as in ask.

task	grant	mass
dance	aft	master
fast	graft	pass

4. ä, as in arm.

art	arch	charm
calm	farm	qualm
heart	cart	barn

5. ạ, as in all.

hall	call	ward
water	applaud	draw
quart	fall	stall

6. â, as in air.

stair	care	fare
lair	hair	bare
dare	pair	prayer

7. ē, as in eve.

me	the	seed

heed	sea	treat
meet	seen	deed

8. ĕ, as in elk.

met	set	well
head	fed	red
hem	men	web

9. ẽ, as in err.

her	earth	prefer
merge	serge	mercy
were	verge	berth

10. ī, as in ice.

night	mire	ride
ire	mine	time
rice	rive	bite

11. ĭ, as in ink.

him	mink	thin
bin	tin	grin
rim	kiln	pin

12. ō, as in old.

hold	sold	roam
moan	soap	boat
cold	gold	toll

13. ŏ, as in odd.

not	cot	dot
hod	sod	long
lost	dollar	response

14. o͝o, as in prove.

who	do	you
two	move	moon

15. o̤, as in woman.

bosom	wolf	foot
hood	look	nook

16. ū, as in use.

lute	flute	due
blue	tube	duke

17. ŭ, as in us.

muss	nut	blunder
must	but	hug
cup	skull	gun

19. Diphthongs.

18. oi, as in oil.

boil	joint	voice
joy	boy	noise
choice	broil	soil

19. ou, as in out.

shout	found	mound
thou	now	cow
frown	crowd	round

20. Labials. — *Subvocals.*

20. b, — be, boy, sob, curb, orb, tub.
21. v, — vim, love, vase, live, vent, gave.
22. w, — way, worn, web, weave, wig, will.
23. m, — may, my, main, dim, calm, dumb.

21. Labials. — *Aspirates.*

24. p, — pie, pan, pop, map, poppy.
25. f, — fun, fife, fay, five, fifty.
26. wh, — where, when, whale, whim, whistle.

22. Lingua-Dentals. — *Subvocals.*

27. d, — day, deed, dandy, mud, hard.
28. th, vocal, — they, them, thee, feather, beneath.
29. j, — jay, joy, judge, jingle.
30. z, — zone, zay, buzz, zone, zero.
31. z-zh, — azure, seizure, measure, fusion.

23. Lingua-Dentals. — *Aspirates.*

32. t, — tea, tie, late, fit, mate.
33. th, sharp, — thin, thank, lath, froth, think.
34. ch, — chain, charm, chime, chop, catch.
35. s, — say, see, hiss, sis, hasty.
36. sh, — sham, ship, flash, crash, dash.

24. Linguals. — *Subvocals.*

37. l, — lo, lid, folly, lad, lonely.
38. r, — run, rill, rid, lorn, banner.

25. Lingua-Nasal. — *Subvocal.*

39. n, — no, now, run, vane, funny.

26. Palato-Nasal. — *Subvocal.*

40. ng, — song, sing, bring, long.

27. Palatals. — *Subvocals.*

41. g, — go, gay, gone, goggle, grumble.
42. y, — yes, yet, your, yoke, yonder.

28. Palatals. — *Aspirates.*

43. k, — key, kept, sack, baker, tickle.
44. h, — he, hay, hid, home, hub.

29. Exercises on Combined Consonants.

br, — brought, brindle, broom, bring.

bst, — nab'st, grub'st, throb'st.
bldst, — troubl'd'st, tumbl'd'st, grumbl'd'st.
bdst, — fib'd'st, sob'd'st, throb'd'st.
gldst, — mangl'd'st, wiggl'd'st, struggl'd'st.
fldst, — trifl'd'st, mufll'd'st, stifl'd'st.
dndst, — wid'n'd'st, hard'n'd'st.
tldst, — nestl'd'st, whistl'd'st.
ldst, — handl'd'st, kindl'd'st.
sk'st, — risk'st, husk'st, ask'st.

30. General Exercises in Articulation.

1. Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.

2. He drew long, legible lines along the lovely landscape.

3. Theophilus Thistler, the successful thistle-sifter, sifted a sieve full of unsifted thistles.

4. The old, cold scold sold a school coal-scuttle.

5. Did you ever see a saw saw a saw?

6. Eight great gray geese grazing gaily into Greece.

7. Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran.

8. He sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.

9. Socks and shoes shock Susan.

10. Some shun sunshine; do you shun sunshine?

11. The hosts still stand in strangest plight.

12. Five wise wives weave withered withes.

13. She sells sea-shells; shall he sell sea-shells?

14. She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek, and then shrunk from the shriveled form that slumbered in the shroud.

15. A shot-silk sash shop.

16. Prithee blithe youth, do not mouth your words, when you wreathe your face with smiles.

17. Amidst the mists, with angry boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

18. The sun shines smilingly on the shop-signs.

31. Distinguish by Sound the following Contrasts:

chance — chants	sense — cents
tracks — tracts	axe — acts
patience — patients	prince — prints
reflex — reflects	relics — relicts.

NOTE. — Read the following with the greatest rapidity of movement consistent with distinctness of utterance. [50 seconds.]

TWO BOOT-BLACKS.

1.

A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corners doing nothing, when the white boot-black agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was of course willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot-black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black

had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he proceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblacked boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's visionary organ, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

32. Reading by Sound.

Utter each element separately before passing to the next: —

L i ke | d r ea r y | p r i s on | w a ll s |
Th e | s t e r n | g r a y | m ou n t ai n s | r i se |
U n t i l | th ei r | t o p m o s t | c r a g s |
T ou ch | th e | f a r | g l oo m y | s k ie s |
O n e | s t ee p | a n d | n a rr ow | p a th |
W i n ds | u p | th e | m ou n t ai n's | c r e s t |
A n d | f r o m | ou r | v a ll ey | l ea d s |
Ou t | t o | th e | g o l d e n | w e s t. |

33. Exercises in Orthoepy.

The following words in common use, are so frequently mispronounced by well informed people that

frequent drill upon them is essential to secure their correct pronunciation. Their notation is omitted, that the pupil may be required to avail himself of the dictionary, thus securing greater familiarity with their pronunciation. Every word should be looked up in the dictionary. It must not be assumed that the pupil can pronounce them correctly because they are familiar. Nothing makes a reader or speaker, who has some pretensions as such, more ridiculous than faulty pronunciation: —

I.	II.	III.
on	vagaries	saline
were	brooch	bromine
fast	beneath	trough
long	cortege	enervate
due	eclat	gamin
was	again	elm
ally	visor	off
lurid	lien	hearth
recess	bomb	chant
fiery	listen	pass

IV.	V.	VI.
lute	facade	nomad
here	idea	salt
withe	tiny	lost
cement(n)	frontier	iron
romance	exhort	dog
gaseous	swollen	duty
opponent	palaver	bird

peremptory
Calliope
coupon

VII.

allies
flaccid
raillery
comparable
rouge
debut
regime
banana
tyrannic
morale

VIII.

squalor
hostage
inquiry

VIII.

comely
laugh
placard
subsidence
frontal
respirable
amenable
luscious
mock
diffuse

IX.

their
prayers
falcon

IX.

answer
earn
gladiolus
leisure
iodine
frequent(v)
contour
suite
caret
lyceum

X.

equipage
debris
finale
cabal
curator
fulsome
exhale
carbine
plateau
three-legged

XI.

contrary
banian
cognomen
saucer
often
after
song
urn
acacia
discern

XII.

apparatus
aspirant
morphine
contumely
rise (noun)
museum
Danish
gondola
water
divan

XIII.

desist
obesity
exude

XIV.

graft
log
branch

XV.

Æneid
obligatory
defalcate

probity	new	comrade
rapine	burred	February
Uranus	gallows	piano
reputable	acclimate	docile
caisson	finance	ordeal
sotto-voce	vendue	barrel
specious	franchise	pyrites
XVI.	XVII.	XVIII.
ribald	isthmus	maelstrom
allegorist	hygiene	ferrule
decade	chimera	therefore
bivouac	rinse	bouquet
dolorous	caul	acoustics
pageant	serge	suffice
irony (n)	surge	assume
irony (adj.)	Asia	celibacy
ensign	armistice	employe
sirup	abandon (n)	encore
XIX.	XX.	XXI.
protestation	provocative	referrible
remediless	reparable	antimony
scath	alias	chorist
adult	frankincense	granary
groat	hospitable	implacable
adipose	aphelion	apron
conservator	consummate (a)	coquetry
grimalkin	asphalt	Belial
dynamite	recusant	trichina
Bedouin	highwayman	scirrhus

XXII.	XXIII.	XXIV.
repertoire	sequestrate	bedizen
sentient	basalt	inopportune
Arion	infantile	jowl
billet-doux	Balmoral	balsamic
indicatory	complaisance	congruent
badinage	ghoul	glamour
immobile	irrefragable	languor
generic	prescience	misogynist
corridor	credence	decorous
splenetic	strategic	tirade

XXV.	XXVI.	XXVII.
souvenir	suburban	surnamed
tapis	booth	cachet
bitumen	interstice	joust
meteorolite	misconstrue	mistletoe
aureola	bestial	boulevard
loathsome	melee	mezzotint
mustache	naivete	nomenclature
trilobite	virile	virulent
attache	blase	coupe
crematory	erudite	gherkin

XXVIII.	XXIX.	XXX.
unfrequented	absolutory	Adonis
cafe	canine	chalcedony
naively	occult	Orion
cochineal	commandant	communist
objurgate	recitative	referable
refutable	retroact	senile
emendation	deprivation	edile
equivoke	florist	parenchyma
pestle	prelude	premier
calcinable	ricochet	reconnoissance

PART III.

34. VOCAL EXPRESSION.

1. We come now to the third requisite of good elocution, the elements of vocal expression.

2. Respiration is essential to the production of voice, and a distinct and correct articulation must be acquired to render the vocal utterance in the least degree intelligible; but, in addition to these, the speaker who would convey to his hearers in colors of living light, the varied thoughts, sentiments, and emotions that arise within him, must master by careful study and persistent practice, the following *modes* of the voice, termed —

35. ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

QUALITY, FORCE, STRESS, PITCH, MOVEMENT, QUANTITY, SLIDES, WAVES, MELODY, SLUR, EMPHASIS, PAUSES, CADENCE, CLIMAX, ANTI-CLIMAX.

36. ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS.

1. The first five of these, viz., *Quality*, *Force*, *Stress*, *Pitch* and *Movement*, are called ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS, or ATTRIBUTES, because they are found in the utterance of every sentence. The other elements are

termed ACCIDENTAL ELEMENTS, or ACCIDENTS, because they may or may not exist in any given sentence.

2. A knowledge of these elements and their application, according to the unvarying laws of nature, is necessary to the orator and reader who would correctly portray the thoughts and passions that animate the human soul.

3. Their importance is shown in the fact that we are instinctively attracted or repelled by their use while in conversation with another. The animals understand their significance though the words we utter be in a language before unheard.

4. A knowledge of their use and value is not confined to the public speaker. Their influence in our daily and business intercourse is of the utmost importance.

5. THE TEACHER in the school-room, whose tones are shrill, nasal, throaty or husky, and whose pitch is high, piercing the ears of his pupils, as if probing for attention, may make himself heard; but the "ways of wisdom through his instrumentality will not be ways of pleasantness," nor will his pupils get far on the way.

6. THE SALESMAN behind the counter, whose tones are loud and swelling while extolling the merits of his goods, may convince customers of his ox-driving qualifications and by-standers of his egotism; but he will not sell as many goods as he who understands when and how to use his voice.

7. THE LAWYER who rises in his argument to his highest pitch, and continues to pour into the ears of a

jury the piping tones of an unvarying monotone, may satisfy himself of his capacious lung power; but the weary jury will sigh with relief when he ceases, and will punish his attack upon their nervous system by giving his opponent the benefit of all doubts.

8. The Mother, ignorant of the far-reaching influence of those soft, sweet, melodious tones that in after years impart the sanctity of heaven to the recollections of childhood, may enforce a temporary obedience to her will by that sharp, piercing command which startles the youthful loiterer from his reveries; but the abiding influence of her motherly counsel that should follow the man through temptation and trial in later life is lost by this ignorance. —

9. A Knowledge of the effect of these elements upon the hearer is indispensable to all who aspire to success in life; hence, the importance of acquiring a knowledge of their correct application, and the ability to use them readily and impressively.

37. The Vocal Apparatus.

It is not within the scope of the present work to give a minute description of the organs concerned in producing voice, nor of their mechanical movements in the modifications of the various elements of vocal expression. While a knowledge of their anatomy, physiology, and hygiene is desirable in the professional elocutionist, it is not essential to excellence in vocal expression. For the benefit of those who desire to qualify themselves in the work beyond the limits of this Manual, the organs are named and defined, so that

they may be studied from works prepared for that purpose.

38. The Voice Organs

May be divided into two classes: First, those which act in the production of sound; and, second, those used to modify the sound in articulated speech.

39. The Voice-Producing Organs are: —

1. The *Abdominal* and *Thoracic Muscles*, which assist the motion of the diaphragm, and give greater capacity to the chest.

2. The DIAPHRAGM, the partition which separates the abdomen from the chest.

3. The THORAX, the cavity of the chest, with its muscles. Its capacity determines the voice power.

4. The PLEURA, the envelope of the lungs, acts in connection with the diaphragm.

5. The LUNGS. They serve as a bellows for supplying the air, which, passing through the larynx, is converted into sound.

6. The TRACHEA, or windpipe, is the tube through which the air passes from the lungs into the larynx.

7. The LARYNX, (Adam's Apple) is the immediate instrument of vocal sound.

40. The Voice-Modifying or Speech Organs are: —

1. The LARYNX, which belongs to both classes.

2. The PHARYNX (swallow), the cavity behind the larynx, extending up behind the veil of the palate. Its size determines the fullness and richness of the voice.

3. The NASAL PASSAGES, which open into the pharynx. These passages lying behind the external orifices of the nose, with the pharynx form part of the resonance chamber of the voice apparatus.

NOTE. — The term "resonance," as used in elocution, implies the place from which the vocal sound appears to come. It is the distinctive characteristic of Quality of Voice.

4. The CAVITY OF THE MOUTH, including the palate. This is the space covered by the roof of the mouth, which extends from the upper front teeth to the thin veil separating the mouth from the pharynx.

5. The INTERNAL TUBES OF THE EARS, tubes starting from each side of the root of the tongue and communicating with the ears.

6. The TONGUE.

7. The TEETH, which materially aid in giving distinctness to articulation.

8. The LIPS.

VOICE CULTURE AND MANAGEMENT.

1. The highest skill in speech is attained only by a perfect control of the voice and speech organs.

2. The first requisite in securing great vocal power is an erect and easy posture of the body, giving expansiveness to the chest and freedom to the limbs, and that absolute command of breath which will enable the reader to utter one hundred or more syllables in a single breath.

3. Huskiness, harshness, and hardness of tone result from the contact of inhaled air during vocal exercise

with the lining mucous membrane of the speech organs; hence, in the process of utterance no air whatever should enter the mouth.

4. The nasal passages should be kept constantly open. Proper breathing and cleanliness will secure this condition.

5. Fullness, depth, and richness of tone are so largely dependent upon the control of the tongue, throat, and jaw muscles that constant attention should be given to the free action of these muscles.

6. To render words most easily understood by those remote from the speaker, the mouth should be opened freely and fully, and should not be closed too suddenly in finishing syllables.

7. During reading and speaking care should be exercised to avoid a continued pitch too high, too low, or a monotone. The last reacts upon the speaker, rendering his delivery dull and lifeless; a pitch too low usually prevents understanding the words; while a prolonged high pitch exhausts the speaker and wearies an audience beyond its capacity of enjoyment. The pitch should follow the general law of thought development — curves, slides, and waves — few planes.

8. To prevent embarrassment arising from nervousness, inhale and exhale to your utmost capacity a number of times before attempting to use the voice in public. The same precaution will materially prevent incoherency, stuttering and stammering in extemporaneous speech.

9. To command the greatest physical power and intellectual vigor and buoyancy of spirit, stand erect with active chest, and inhale fully and deeply — always through the nostrils — never through the mouth.

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41. QUALITY OF VOICE.

1. The quality of the voice is the nature, character, or kind of tone used.

2. Different qualities arise from the ever-changing sentiment that animates the human mind and the varied physical conditions to which the body is constantly subjected. By careful culture these qualities may be secured by all, and they are indispensable in giving expression to the varied emotions and passions. No one need hope for excellence in reading or speaking who cannot attune his voice quality to the sentiment to be expressed. As a means of transmitting the inward emotions from soul to soul they are more potent than the language which they clothe.

42. CLASSIFICATION.

As the quality of voice depends upon the nature of the sentiment to be expressed, and this, in turn, upon the condition of the mind or body from which the thought or feeling emanates, the qualities may be divided into two primary classes, NORMAL and ABNORMAL.

43. Normal Qualities. { *Pure Tone.* / *Orotund.*

44. Abnormal Qualities. { *Plaintive.* *Pectoral.* *Guttural.* *Aspirate.* *Nasal.* *Falsetto.*

45. Normal Qualities.

All those qualities of voice used in the expression of thoughts originating in a natural condition of mind and bodily organs, working in harmony with the laws of our being, are styled NORMAL QUALITIES. They are marked in their vocal expression by a clear, smooth, melodious resonance, conveying to the listener a sensation of sympathy and a conviction of the speaker's sincerity and earnestness. The NORMAL QUALITIES are divided into PURE TONE and OROTUND.

46. PURE TONE.

1. The Pure Tone is a clear, smooth, musical tone, with the resonance in the central part of the mouth cavity.

2. In its production, all the breath is converted into sound, free from any aspiration or harshness, the resonance being confined wholly within the cavity of the mouth.

3. This is the quality required in ordinary vocal commerce; and, as it forms the basis of pure conversation and of all the other qualities, it should be understood, and practiced till its use becomes a habit.

4. In this connection it may be said that it is the

tone of nature, and *should* be used by our youth. An examination by the author, of thirty-two boys, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years, revealed the unpleasant fact that but six of these used the Pure Tone in reading: bad habits of various kinds had marred the vocal quality of the other twenty-six.

5. Purity of quality may be secured by those who never had it and regained by those who have lost it, by frequent practice and constant attention to the following: —

47. Direction for Securing Pure Tone Quality.

Shape the mouth and lips in such a manner as to form the sound of *oo* in *ooze*, and utter the sound several times with your natural pitch.

Be careful to convert all breath used into tone.

TEST OF CORRECTNESS.

Place the hand within two or three inches of the mouth while uttering the element. If any air is felt to strike it you have not the Pure Tone. Purse the lips *less* and try again. In this way utter the long vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, several times, using no more force than is necessary in speaking in a small room. Observe the character of the sound produced, and regulate your tones accordingly.

48. Exercises: PURE TONE.

all	aim	ell	moan
eve	fain	home	noon
ale	vain	heel	old
owl	rain	kept	pain

49. ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

The Pure Tone, in its various degrees of force, is illustrated in nature by the cooing of the dove, the solemn tones of the Æolian harp, the joyous songs of the birds, the merry sound of the babbling brook and the happy, ringing laugh of childhood. From these illustrations we derive its

50. LAW OF USE.

The Pure Tone is used in the expression of *solemn*, *serious*, *tranquil*, *narrative*, *didactic*, and *descriptive thought* and *joyous* and *mirthful* emotions.

NOTE TO TEACHERS — To secure the highest excellence conduct all *reading* exercises as follows: Have all students write *in order* of preference the names of three or more readers whom they think bring out most correctly the element under consideration, omitting all others. Have the votes, together with your own, counted, and place the names of the three highest upon the blackboard. Proper management will insure every student's name appearing on the board once or oftener each month.

51. Examples: SOLEMNITY.

Pure Tone.

2.

[From "God's Beautiful City." — *D. T. Taylor.*]

Far, far away, amid realms of light,
Hid deep in the azure beyond our sight,
Stands a beautiful city so high and bright,
Where is known no sorrow, nor death, nor night.
Beautiful City!
Oh, blest abode, oh, home of God!
Whose street by the feet of the sinless are trod.

They roam through the gardens of endless spring,
They crowd all thy portals, on rushing wing,
While the echoing domes of the palace ring
With the hymns of the angels that shout and sing.
Beautiful City!
Hark! hark again! the angelic strain,
As gleams through the crystal, that burnished train.

There the life-fires brighten, and burn, and roll,
O'er diamonds that sparkle o'er sands of gold,
Where to breathe the sweet air yields a bliss untold,
And the dwellers immortal shall never grow old.
Beautiful City!
We pierce the skies with longing eyes,
And yearn to inherit the golden prize.

It is said that the King, in his power sublime,
When the last sands drop from the glass of time,
And our world shall be robed in its Eden prime,
Will bring down that city to gladden earth's clime.
Beautiful City!
Bright capital where saints will dwell,
And reign on the throne with Immanuel.

As jewels that flash on the brow of a queen,
As the jasper and ruby in crowns are seen;
God's city, wrapped in its silver sheen,
Will be set like a gem in the new earth's green.
Beautiful City!
City of flowers, and peaceful bowers,
Come down and illumine this dark world of ours.

I have heard in that city they wait for me;
That its gates stand open wide and free;
That the ransomed the King in his beauty may see,

And live in his presence eternally.
Beautiful City!
In royal state blest mansions wait,
And beckon us on through the pearly gate.

I shall go where the summers will always bloom,
I shall walk no more amid trial and gloom.
I shall bid farewell to the withering tomb,
I shall deck my brow with the conqueror's plume.
Beautiful City!
Let us enter in a crown to win;
Our words tell but half of the glory within.

Serious and Didactic Thought.

3.

[From "The Water-Mill." — *D. C. McCallum.*]

Listen to the water-mill, all the livelong day, —
How the creaking of the wheel wears the hours away;
Languidly the water glides, ceaseless on and still,
Never coming back again to that water-mill.
And the proverb haunts my mind, as the spell is cast, —
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

Take the lesson to yourself, loving hearts and true:
Golden years are passing by, youth is passing too;
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way;
All that you can call your own lies in this to-day.
Power, intellect, and strength may not, can not last:
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

Oh the wasted hours of life that have fleeted by!
Oh the good we might have done, lost without a sigh!

Love that once we might have saved with but a single word;
Thoughts conceived but not expressed — perishing unheard.
Take the lesson to your heart, — take, oh! hold it fast:
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

Tranquil and Descriptive Thought.

4.

[From "Memory." — *Jas. A. Garfield.*]

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the windows, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gently sloping hill-sides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.

The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

Didactic and Descriptive.

5.

[From Portia's Speech on "Mercy." — *Shakespeare.*]

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptered sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy; I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

DESCRIPTION.

6.

[From "Damascus." — *Mark Twain* (*S. L. Clemens*).]

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham, — a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, "a predestined capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun. The street which is called Straight, in which it was said he prayed, still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did three thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy these with the multitudes of their wares."

The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter because it was given to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, or damascene, or blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called the damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the

time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of Mosaic, engraving and sculpture united — called damaskeening — with which boxes, swords, guns, and bureaus are ornamented.

It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the "rivers of Damascus," the "streams from Lebanon," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian Gardone."

The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the hoary mists of antiquity. Leave the matters written of it in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event had occurred in the whole to show that Damascus was in existence to receive it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every country for more than four thousand years, its name has been mentioned and its praises sung. To Damascus years are only moments: decades, only flitting trifles of time. She measures time not by days and months, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper, then crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundation of Baalbec and Thebes and Ephesus laid; she saw them grow into mighty cities, and amaze the world with their grandeur, and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish for two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built; she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundred years of Genoese and Venetian might and splendor were to

grave old Damascus, only a scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that has occurred on earth and still lives. She has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and she will live to see the tomb of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is, by right, the Eternal City.

Vivid Description.

7.

["The Old Continentals." — *Mac Master.*]

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the Unicorn; [rampant
And *grummer*, GRUMMER, GRUMMER rolled the roll of the Through the morn! [drummer

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And *louder*, LOUDER, LOUDER cracked the black gunpow-
Cracking amain! [der, —

Now, like smiths at their forges,
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre,"
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then *higher*, HIGHER, HIGHER burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And *rounder*, ROUNDER, ROUNDER roared the iron six-
Hurling death! [pounder,

52. OROTUND QUALITY.

1. The Orotund Quality (from *oris*, the mouth, and *rotundis*, round, meaning round mouth) is the pure

tone, deepened and intensified to its utmost magnitude, with the resonance in the chest.

2. The Orotund Quality is most pleasing to the ear and highly beneficial to the speaker. The exercise of the voice in acquiring this quality and the actual use of it, impart, more than almost any other exercise, fullness, strength and clearness to the tones of the speaker. It may be justly termed, in its full development, the highest character of human utterance; and therefore implies the consciousness of the most exalted emotions, excited by a power and energy of gigantic conceptions.

3. The Orotund Quality is naturally possessed by very few, — rarely by uncultivated voices; and though it may be acquired by most persons, much time and practice are requisite to secure that depth, fullness and richness which Murdoch describes as "the blending of volume and purity in one vast sphere of sound."

53. Directions for Acquiring Orotund Quality.

1. Stand erect in such a manner that the chest is elevated and expanded to its utmost capacity. *Depress* and *enlarge* the larynx as if trying to force down some large object; then prolong the sound of long *o*, as heard in *old*, using a low pitch. Be careful not to contract the muscles of the throat, or the very opposite of Orotund will be produced — the *Guttural*, a quality by no means to be desired at this stage of progress.

2. Practice the following exercises as directed above, and endeavor to impart to your tones *depth* and *full-*

ness by speaking, as it were, in the chest and throat. A few weeks' effort will be rewarded by a voice much improved.

54. Exercises: OROTUND.

ä as in arm.
a̤ as in all.
ō as in home.
o͞o as in ooze.

all	arm	roll	ah
gone	broad	tone	soul
home	moan	more	moon

Roll on, old ocean gray!
O Thou eternal One!

Ah, why should we, in the world's riper years,
Neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised!

55. ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

The Orotund Quality is illustrated in nature by the deep bay of the hound, the roar of the lion, the distant sound of Niagara, and the heavy rolling of the ocean.

56. LAW OF USE.

The Orotund Quality is employed in the expression of *earnest*, *bold*, *grand* and *lofty thought*, and in giving utterance to emotions of *grandeur*, *sublimity*, *reverence*, *adoration*, *devotion*, *daring*, *warning*, *courage*, and *inspiration*.

CAUTION.

Students should avoid using the orotund in expressing common-place thoughts; as nothing is more ridiculous, even to an uncultivated ear, than an attempt to dignify our ordinary conversation by the use of tones wholly inappropriate to the sentiment.

57. Examples: —

Patriotic Devotion.

8.

["The National Banner." — *Everett.*]

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame!

Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday-triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

Boldness, Warning.

9.

[Speech of Spartacus to the Gladiators. — *Kellogg.*]

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Sparticus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them: —

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus — a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and

settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime.

"We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was, but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse, the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold, he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's

fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-*gladiators*, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? Oh, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

Bold Denunciation, Indignation.

10.

[Rienzi's Address to the Romans. — *Mitford.*]

I come not here to *talk*. You know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are — *slaves!*
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A race of — *slaves!* He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a *slave;* not *such* as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conquerer led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
But — *base* — *ignoble* slaves; slaves to a horde
Of *petty tyrants*, *feudal despots*, *lords*,
Rich in some dozen *paltry villages;*
Strong in some *hundred spearmen; only great*
In that *strange spell* — a NAME.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But *this very day*,
An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
Was *struck* — *struck* like a — *dog*, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth!
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we *men*,
And suffer *such* dishonor? *men*, and wash not
The stain away in *blood?* Such shames are common.
I have known *deeper* wrongs; *I*, that speak to ye,
I had a *brother* once — a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; — there was the look

Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I *loved*
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In *one short hour*
The *pretty, harmless boy* was *slain!* I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For *vengeance!* ROUSE ye, ROMANS! ROUSE ye, SLAVES!
Have ye *brave sons?* Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die.* Have ye *fair daughters?* Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms, distained,*
Dishonored; and if ye *dare call for justice,*
Be answered by the *lash.*

Yet, this is *Rome,*
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And, once again —
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again, I swear,
The Eternal City shall be free!

ALARM.

[From "The Bells." — *Poe.*]

11.

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and crash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells.

GRANDEUR, SUBLIMITY.

12.

[From "The Ocean." — *Byron.*]

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control

Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unkown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitols,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war; —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm —
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime —
The image of eternity — the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers: they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

EXHORTATION.

13.

[From "Motives of the Gospel." — *Dwight.*]

Ministers proclaim to you the glad tidings of great joy, and point out to you the path to heaven. The Sabbath faithfully returns its mild and sweet seasons of grace, that earthly objects may not engross your thoughts and prevent your attention to immortality. The sanctuary unfolds its doors and invites you to enter in and be saved.

The Gospel still shines to direct your feet and to quicken your pursuit of the inestimable prize. Saints wait with fervent hope of renewing their joy over your repentance. Angels spread their wings to conduct you home. The Father holds out the golden scepter of forgiveness that you may touch and live. The Son died on the cross, ascended to heaven, and intercedes before the throne of mercy that you may be accepted. The Spirit of grace and truth descends with his benevolent influence to allure and persuade you.

While all things, and God at the head of all things, are thus kindly and solemnly employed to encourage you in the pursuit of this inestimable good, will you forget that you have souls which must be saved or lost? Will you forget that the only time of salvation is the present? that beyond the grave there is no Gospel to be preached? that there no offers of life are to be made? that no Redeemer will there expiate your sins, and no forgiving God receive your souls?

EXERCISES IN THE NORMAL QUALITIES.

The student will determine the required quality by the sentiment in the following selections, and endeavor to render the thoughts correctly: —

1.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

2.

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in paradise.

3.

I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure, — inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself, — the risk of alien-

ating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones (if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved), and the honest misconception both of friends and foes. Ambition! — yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument in the hands of Providence to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land; the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people.

4.

I clatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebbles;
I bubble into eddying bays;
I babble on the pebbles.

5.

'The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, binding
The hearts of millions till they seem as one,
Thou hast it." — HALLECK.

6.

"The friend
Who smiles when smoothing down the lonely couch,
And does kind deeds which any one can do
Who has a feeling spirit — such a friend
Heals with a searching balsam." — PERCIVAL.

58. ABNORMAL QUALITIES.

1. The human mind and physical organism are subject to wonderful and varied changes. The mind has its moods of *fear*, *aversion*, *contempt*, *hatred*, *anger*,

horror, *despair* and *grief;* and the body is subject to numerous ailments, all at variance with the genial tranquillity of an unruffled life. As language and action are the mirrors of the human soul, so they should faithfully reflect the thoughts and passions which exist within.

2. Every change of the mind, from the peaceful contemplation of a well ordered state of affairs, every change in the vital functions from a state of perfect health, manifests itself, not more distinctly in the actions and manner of the individual than in the tones of his voice.

3. Accordingly, those tones, or qualities of voice, with which one expresses his thoughts and emotions, while under the influence of such mental or physical disturbance, are termed Abnormal Qualities.

4. Under the various conditions of mind and body, these qualities will be, *Plaintive*, *Pectoral*, *Guttural*, *Aspirate*, *Nasal*, and *Falsetto*. Two or more of these may be combined, according to the prevailing trait or the intensity of the emotion they express.

5. These qualities are all more or less impure, that is mingled with breath, and are, hence, sometimes styled "*impure qualities.*"

6. On account of the impurity of the Abnormal Qualities, they have not received favorable attention from teachers of elocution ; but as almost every literary work extant contains sentiments and emotions whose correct rendering demands their use, the reader can not ignore them. Their frequent practice by the

student of elocution, strengthens the voice to a degree that would justify their cultivation if there were no other reason for their use.

7. That the pupil may know when to use these abnormal qualities, as well as when to avoid them, particular attention is called to the definition of each quality, and the character of sentiment contained in each example used for its illustration.

59. PLAINTIVE QUALITY.

1. The Plaintive is that quality of voice in which the sound is uttered in a thin, feeble tone, with the resonance in the forward part of the mouth.

2. In the production of this quality the organs seem to labor under a painful effort; and though it sometimes expresses the most exalted emotions, the weakness of the vocal organs prevents the conversion of all the breath used into tone, and the quality is therefore impure.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

This quality is illustrated in nature by the moaning of the soft winds and in the groans accompanying death.

60. Direction for producing the Plaintive Quality.

Draw in the cheeks so as to reduce the size of the resonance chamber of the mouth, gently compress the lips, and prolong the sound of long *o*, in high pitch,

with subdued force. This will give you the quality, when you can reproduce it in the exercises following.

61. LAW OF USE.

The Plaintivė Quality is used, with various degrees of force, to express *feebleness*, *exhaustion*, *languor*, *acute pain* and AFFECTATION.

NOTE. — The last mentioned use is worthy of particular attention. A few young people of the gentler sex have educated themselves into the fancy that a clear, ringing tone of voice is "indelicate" or "unæsthetic." To evince their refinement and high state of culture, they purse the lips, and utter their small talk with a daintiness that in its violation of good taste is equalled only by their fellow-exalted-culturists, who mince their sweet-scented words in a manner that would have thrown an effeminate Roman into a paroxysm of envy.

CAUTION.

The student is cautioned against using this quality in any case except where it may be needed in personation. Its use by an able-bodied man or woman is an infallible indication of affectation or degeneracy.

62. Examples: FEEBLENESS AND EXHAUSTION.

14.

["Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother." — *Miss Edwards.*]

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.

I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood, —
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.
How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother;
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

63. PECTORAL QUALITY.

1. The Pectoral Quality (from *pectoris*, the breast) is a rough, harsh, husky, hollow tone, resembling the

Orotund, with the resonance in the upper part of the chest.

2. The Pectoral is low in pitch, and usually slow in movement. It arises from a debilitated or relaxed condition of the vocal chords and a feeble action of the abdominal muscles.

3. It is exhibited in persons addicted to dissipation, intemperance, and the use of various stimulants and narcotics.

64. ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

The Pectoral Quality is illustrated in nature by the low growl of the lion and the harsh roar of the tempest.

65. Directions for Producing the Pectoral.

1. Take the position required in producing the Orotund. Practice the Orotund a few seconds on the sound of long *o*, then relax the muscles about the throat and waist, lower the pitch to the lowest note that will permit tone, retaining the same force, and continue the sound of long *o*, in a harsh, hollow, husky tone.

2. This will give you the Pectoral Quality. Continue the exercise as a *key* till you can strike the right quality, then practice with the same quality on the vowels,

ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

66. LAW OF USE.

The Pectoral Quality is used to express *sorrow*, *despair*, *dread*, *deep solemnity mingled* with *awe*, *re-*

morse, *horror*, *suppressed rage*, *hate*, and in the representation of the *supernatural*.

67. Examples: SORROW.

[From the Bible. — *Lament of David.*]

O my son Absalom'! my son', my son Absalom'! would to God I had died for thee'. O Absalom', my son, my son'!

SADNESS.

15.

[From Longfellow's "Hiawatha."]

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

DREAD, HORROR, AND DESPAIR.

[From "Macbeth." — *Shakespeare.*]

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more.*
MACBETH *doth murder sleep — the innocent sleep —*
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast: —
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more*, to all the house:
GLAMIS *hath murdered sleep; and therefore* CAWDOR
Shall sleep no more — MACBETH *shall sleep no more!*

HORROR AND FEAR.

16.

[From "Macbeth." — *Shakespeare.*]

"Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth!
Hear not my steps, which way they walk; for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it."

REMORSE.

17.

[Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy. — *Shakespeare.*]

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; — to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost — a killing frost;

And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
His greatness is a ripening — nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory —
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride,
At length, broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to, —
That sweet aspect of princes, — and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Hatred and Defiance.

18.

[From "The Seminole's Defiance." — *G. W. Patten.*]

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;

Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle cry!

SUPERNATURAL.

19.

[From "Hamlet." — *Shakespeare.*]

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: — List, list, O list! —
If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

68. GUTTURAL QUALITY.

1. The Guttural Quality (from *guttur*, throat) is a *rough*, *harsh*, *grating*, *rattling*, *discordant* sound produced by a rigid compression of the muscles of the

neck and partial closing of the throat above the glottis, with the resonance in the throat.

2. The Guttural originates from an agitation of the most intense and malignant passions. The sound is cut off from communication with the chest by an obstructed throat, as in a person suffering from intense rage. The sound issues apparently from the pharynx, or swallow, instead of the larynx.

3. The Guttural Quality, in a modified form, is very prevalent among persons with large, flaccid, vocal organs and in the aged. Its use, except in the expression of the appropriate passions, should be carefully avoided.

69. ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

The Guttural is illustrated in nature by the threatening and growling utterances of the lower animals.

70. Directions for Producing the Guttural Quality.

1. Assume a somewhat relaxed position of the body, the shoulders leaning rather forward than backward, then compress and elevate the abdominal muscles, so as to throw the greatest amount of breath into the throat. Compress by a rigid contraction, the muscles about the throat and neck, and produce the sound of ä, as in ah, in a grating tone, as if endeavoring to clear the pharynx of an accumulation of phlegm.

2. Use this sound as a *key* until you can instantly and correctly strike the Guttural on the long vowels,

$\bar{A}$, $\bar{E}$, $\bar{I}$, $\bar{O}$, $\bar{U}$.

71. Additional Exercises.

hate	howl	help	out
die	aim	old	go
growl	away	over	all

72. LAW OF USE.

The Guttural Quality, with various degrees of force, is used to express *intense anger*, *hatred*, *contempt*, *scorn*, *loathing*, *malice* and *detestation*.

73. Examples:—

ANGER, HATRED, REVENGE.

20.

[From "Death of Morris."—*Scott.*]

"I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to *me*—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow,—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed,—while nameless and birthless villians tread on the neck of the brave and long descended,—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, battening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

INTENSE LOATHING, HATRED AND SCORN.

[From "The Seminole's Defiance." — *G. W. Patten.*]

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath its wave!

HATRED, CONTEMPT AND DETESTATION.

21.

[From "Merchant of Venice." — *Shakespeare.*]

Shy. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? — I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? — fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? — if you tickle us, do we not laugh? — if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge! If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example?

why, revenge! The villainy you teach me, I will execute! and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

SCORN AND DEFIANCE.

[From "Paradise Lost." — *Milton.*]

Satan [*to Death*]. "Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass, —
That be assured, — without leave asked of thee:
Retire! or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heaven."

Death [*in reply*]. "Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or, with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before!"

74. ASPIRATE QUALITY.

1. The Aspirate Quality is articulated breath, and ranges from a mere whisper to the least audible tones of the Plaintive, Pectoral and Guttural Qualities.

2. The true aspirate is unmixed breath, but as the term is commonly used, it is combined with other abnormal qualities to aid their intensity of utterance.

3. The practice of the Aspirate Quality alone and in combination with other abnormal qualities, with Full Force, is highly beneficial in strengthening the vocal organs.

4. The use of this quality is indispensable in giving correct expression to sentiments arising from *secrecy*, *caution*, *amazement* and *suppressed fear*, and those intense emotions caused by an *overwhelming dread* and *horror*.

75. ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

The Aspirate Quality is illustrated in nature by the whispering of the winds, the hissing of serpents and the whirring sound made by certain birds when startled.

76. Directions for Producing the Aspirate Quality.

1. The simple Aspirate Quality is an unmodified whisper without vocality. To produce the Aspirate in combination with Plaintive, Pectoral, or Guttural, utter the sound of long *o*, first in Pure Tone, then gradually lower your pitch and aspirate the utterance so that the sound will partake largely of breath, and yet contain sufficient vocality to be heard across a large room.

2. Practice this on the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, until you can strike the four impure qualities at pleasure.

77. LAW OF USE.

The Aspirate Quality alone and in combination with other qualities is used to express *secrecy*, *surprise*, *fear*, *caution*, *awe*, *dread* and *expiring life*.

78. Examples: STILLNESS.

A Complete Whisper.

Hush! draw the curtain, — so !
She is dead, quite dead, you see.

Poor little lady! She lies
With the light gone out of her eyes;
But her features still wear that soft,
Gray, meditative expression
Which you must have noticed oft.

Whisper Mixed with Vocality.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour! The quiet room
Seems like a temple; while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom
And the sweet stillness down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

FAINTING AND DEATH.

22.

[From "Hamlet." — *Shakespeare.*]

Ham. As thou'rt a man —
Give me the cup — let go — by heaven, I'll have it.
Oh, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. —
Oh! I die, Horatio!
The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit —
The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Fear, Terror, Remorse.

Vocalized Breath.

23.

[From "Macbeth." — *Shakespeare.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. [*A bell rings.*
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

79. NASAL QUALITY.

1. The Nasal Quality (from *nasus*, the nose) is a *harsh*, *thin*, *twangy* tone, with the resonance in the nose.

2. The Nasal is an abnormal quality, because its production arises from some vocal disability, as a cold, or a mal-formation of the organs of speech.

3. The pupil will have no occasion for using the Nasal except in *mimicry* or *burlesque*; but a perfect command of all the qualities requires a drill upon this, both for the purpose of personation and avoiding its use where improper.

80. ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

The Nasal Quality is illustrated in nature by the familiar "honk" of the wild goose.

81. Directions for Producing the Nasal Quality.

Place the organs in position to pronounce the syllable *on* with high pitch: now depress the lower jaw and prolong the syllable *ong*, retaining the sound so as to cause the reverberation to be heard in the back part of the mouth and nose.

82. LAW OF USE.

The Nasal Quality is used in the mimicry of nasal speakers and in the personation of those suffering from catarrh.

83. Examples: —

[From "Darius Green and his Flying Machine."—*J. T. Trowbridge.*]

The birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,"
Says he with a grin,
"That the blue-bird an' phœbe
Are smarter 'n we be?

"Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' cat-bird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that!
Ur prove 't the bat
Has got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then."

Å Ker Chew Duet.

24.

They had been keeping company a year. He told her Friday afternoon that he would be up early Sunday evening, as he had something of great importance to tell her, and a present to give her. With a woman's keen intuition she knew what that something of importance would be, and she looked forward to the hour with sweet expectation.

He was there on time, but hardly in the condition he desired. A heavy cold had tackled him the night before, and

his eyes were red and inflamed, and his nose was nearly twice its usual size, and shone with a lustre that would have appeared to much better advantage on a door-plate. Singularly enough, the young lady was similarly conditioned. She ushered him into the parlor, and without any preliminary ceremony they were seated on the same sofa together. He took out his handkerchief and finding a dry section, wiped his nose. This reminded her of a duty she owed herself, and she attended to it at once. He held one of her hands in his, and his handkerchief in the other. Then he spoke: —

"Susad, I cub to dide to talk of subthig dearer — ah ah-ooh (a prompt application of the handkerchief cut off the sneeze in its bud) dearer to be thad libe — ah ah — thad id — oo-ooh-ker chew, ker chew, ker chew." A moment's pause. "I've god ad awful code," he explains, with due solemnity.

"Sobe I," she replies.

A moment is devoted to the silent use of handkerchiefs, and then he continues: —

"Darlig, you bust hab seed all the tibe how mudge — ooh-oon-ker — (the handkerchief again saves him) how mudge I have thought ob you. Every hour ob the day or dide — ah-ah-ooh-ooh, ker chew, ker chew."

She wiped her eyes — and then her nose, and made an honest endeavor to look languishingly, but owing to the watery condition of the former, and the fiery glow of the latter, she appeared to an unhappy advantage. But he did not notice it.

"Susad," he began again, grasping her hand with fervor, and clutching his handkerchief with equal earnestness, "what is libe without love? Dothig. Darlig, do you, cad you love be edough to be by — ah-ah-ooh-chew!"

"You'll be bide, all bide?" he gasped.

"I will, Hedry, I will," she hoarsely whispered.

He drew her to him, slipped the ring upon her finger, and there they stood together, their reddened and half closed eyes blinking in sweet, holy ecstasy upon each other.

"My poor darlig has god sudge a code," he sympathizingly murmured.

"So id my Hedry," she softly whispered back.

"You must take sub bedicid for that code, to dide," she said.

"So bust you," he added.

"Yes, ad you'll soak your feet in hod water?"

"I will; ad you'll soak yours?" he eagerly asked.

"I will," she replied.

"Heaved bless you, by darlig, by precious darlig," clasping her again to his breast. And then he stole out into the darkness; and she lingered a moment at the door, and heard his dear voice ring out on the night air as he passed away—

"Ker chew, ker chew."

84. FALSETTO QUALITY.

1. The Falsetto Quality (from *falsus*, false) is a *high*, *thin* tone, pitched far above the natural, with the resonance in the head.

2. In producing this quality of voice, the veil of the palate is raised very high and the uvula is forced into the veil, becoming completely hidden from view.

85. ILLUSTRATIONS IN NATURE.

The Falsetto is illustrated in nature by the sharp, shrill, shriek of the owl.

86. Direction for Producing the Falsetto Quality.

Begin on the sound of long *o*, with your natural

pitch, and without changing the force, raise your pitch till the purity of voice breaks, and the quality that follows will be Falsetto.

87. LAW OF USE.

The Falsetto Quality, like the Nasal, is used in mimicry, to denote *excitement*, *irritability*, *scolding*, *invective*, *mockery*, *fright*, *anger*, *pain* and *terror*.

88. Examples: EXCITEMENT, INDIGNATION.

The sisters they murmured of "shame,"
And "she hadn't oughter a let him;
No doubt she was mostly to blame"
["The Deacon's Story."]

FRIGHT, SCOLDING, AND TERROR.

25.

[From "The Lost Heir."— *Thomas Hood.*]

Billy — where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home to your best of mothers!

I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.

Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,

And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.

Oh, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,

For he's my darlin' of darlins', and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.

I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!

Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was, — but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.

Why there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

Anger, Scolding and Fright.

26.

[From "The Country Justice."]

Note. — The Justice uses a deep Orotund, his wife the Falsetto.

"The snow is deep," the Justice said;
"There's mighty mischief overhead."
"High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed:
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh, no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear —
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
"No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured? —
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof —
All snugly tied and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel — But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."

"Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;
But lest the bond should break in twain.
I'll have it fastened once again."

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half way down the Justice hung;
Just half way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life?"
She shouted, "Don't! 'twould be my death —

I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-be* Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought: —
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow."
He sees her moving towards his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!"
But Phebe answers with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight?"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;

They look around, above, below;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank:
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope —
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow: —
What's this? A hat! Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

EXERCISES IN ABNORMAL QUALITIES.

The following selections require one or more of the *abnormal qualities*. The student will determine and apply the proper qualities: —

1.

"But I defy him! — let him come!"

2.

"Hist! Down with your heads!"

3.

"Curse on him! Will not the villain drown?"

4.

"Oh that the *slave* had FORTY THOUSAND lives!
My great *revenge* had stomach for them ALL!"

5.

"Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore."

6.

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan,
And naught but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day!"

7.

"Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanche, and Blanche these provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard, —
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again;
It cannot be; — thou dost but say 'tis so."

8.

"How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me — art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stand?
Speak to me, what thou art."

9.

"Tread softly, bow the head, in reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll, yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great, with lowly reverence bow:
There's one in that poor shed, one by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof, lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend; enter, no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold no smiling courtiers tread:
One silent woman stands, lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, — an infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed, again that short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh change! oh wondrous change! burst are the prison-bars:
This moment there, so low, so agonized; and now
Beyond the stars!"

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89. FORCE.

1. Force is the degree of energy with which sound is sent forth from the vocal organs. This energy depends upon the intensity of the emotions. [*See* 5 Art. 89.]

2. Force is not loudness. Words may be uttered with full force in a whisper. Loudness depends partly upon force; but there are other elements that contribute to make sounds loud or soft. These will be considered in their proper place.

3. Volume, a term that signifies the fullness or mellowness of tone, also depends, in part, upon the degree of force applied to the vocal organs.

4. Both loudness and volume depend upon the quantity of *breath* employed, a fact that proves the importance of a proper management of the breath in vocal culture.

5. The degree of force employed in the expression of the various sentiments and emotions corresponds, with one exception, to the strength of the sentiments or emotions that occasion speech. Sometimes we are so overpowered by passion, fright, or other overwhelming emotion, that the energy required to express our feelings is consumed in maintaining our very consciousness.

6. Few subjects treated by the elocutionist are of greater importance in developing a full, deep, flexible, and powerful voice than that of force; hence, practice — much practice, and intelligent practice is essential in this department of vocal culture.

7. The pupil should increase his force by degrees. Sudden transitions are injurious to one not accustomed to a severe use of the voice. Every new acquisition of power will enable him to go beyond his present attainments. When that degree of force is obtained beyond which the voice cannot go without breaking, the effort to increase the force should be discontinued, and a few minutes' practice should be had with that degree of force.

8. In the exercises following, avoid any change of pitch while increasing the force. If the pitch is raised, begin again with the element and endeavor to complete the fullest degree of force with the same pitch with which that element is begun.

9. Repeat each element in all degrees of force before changing the pitch, then raise or lower the pitch and repeat the elements in the pitch selected.

90. DIVISION OF FORCE.

Force may be divided into three classes, namely,

SUBDUED FORCE,
MODERATE FORCE,
FULL FORCE,

each of which, for convenience, may be further subdivided into three degrees.

91. Subdued Force.

Subdued includes every degree of force employed in producing sound, from the least audible to the milder tones of conversation.

92. Moderate Force.

Moderate is the degree of force employed in ordinary conversation, unemotional description, and narration.

93. Full Force.

Full Force, with various degrees of energy, is employed in expressing the most violent and impetuous emotions and passions.

94. Exercises.

The pupil will repeat the long vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, with nine degrees of Force without change of pitch, as marked in the following diagram. Begin with the

least audible sound that can be uttered, and increase in *intensity*, not *loudness*, till the utmost energy is attained.

SUBDUED FORCE A E I O U

MODERATE FORCE A E I O U

FULL FORCE A E I O U

Repeat the following words in the same manner, being careful not to change the pitch: —

on	lost	mock	log
song	past	path	car

95. SUBDUED FORCE. LAW OF USE.

Subdued Force is used in the expression of *tenderness*, *pathos*, *seriousness*, *solemnity*, *reverence*, *awe*, *melancholy* and *tranquillity*, usually with Pure Tone.

96. Examples: TENDERNESS.

27.

[From "Absalom." —*N. P. Willis.*]

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in its mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, O! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;

And thy dark sin! O! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

PATHOS.

28.

[From "The Dying Boy." — *Mrs. Sigourney.*]

It must be sweet in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.

'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise bestowed his last bequest:
"Mother, I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed:
And on my brow,
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly on. O! tell me, is this death?"

SERIOUSNESS, SOLEMNITY, TRANQUILLITY.

29.

[From "The Mountains of Life." — *J. G. Clark.*]

There's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time, —

Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll, —
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the desert of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows,
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Oh! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Reverence and Awe.

30.

[From "God's First Temples." — *Bryant.*]

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read

The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die — but see again
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them.
Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

Melancholy.

[From "Hamlet's Soliloquy." — *Shakespeare.*]

Subdued and Moderate Force.

31.

To be, or not to be? That is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die; to sleep;
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To die; to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream! — ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'ed love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

97. MODERATE FORCE. LAW OF USE.

Moderate Force is employed in the expression of *narrative*, *descriptive* and *didactic* thought, and may be used to express the milder forms of *sublimity*, *solemnity*, *grandeur* and *devotion*.

98. Examples: Narration.

32.

[From "Cromwell's Expulsion of the Parliament." — *Lingard.*]

At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the Parliament House and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate, but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it;" and rising, put off his hat to address the House.

At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated. At last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians, who had apostatized from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power, and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; he had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work.

Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary — language, too, the more offensive because it

was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and springing from his place, exclaimed, "Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating!" For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then stamping on the floor, added, "You are no Parliament! I say you are no Parliament! Bring them in, bring them in! Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers.

"This," cried Sir Henry Vane, "is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty." "Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell; "oh, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this, but he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, "There," he cried, "sits a drunkard!" and afterward selecting different members in succession, he described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the Gospel.

Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard, and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sydney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, arose and moved toward the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night, that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work."

Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done;

but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bawble? Here, carry it away." Then taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the Council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-General entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome, but if as the Council of State, they must know that the Parliament was dissolved, and with it also the Council. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve it but itself; therefore, take you notice of that."

After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had for more than twelve years defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partizans — if partizans they had — reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave.

Description.

33.

["The Cathedral at Milan." — *Mark Twain*]

Toward dusk we drew near Milan, and caught glimpses of the city and the blue mountain peaks beyond. But

we were not caring for these things — they did not interest us in the least. We were in a fever of impatience; we were dying to see the renowned cathedral! We watched in this direction and that — all around — everywhere. We needed no one to point it out — we did not wish any one to point it out — we would recognize it, even in the desert of the great Sahara.

At last a forest of graceful needles, shimmering in the amber sunlight, rose slowly above the pigmy house-tops, as one sometimes sees, in the far hori'zon, a gilded and pinnacled mass of cloud lift itself above the waste of waves at sea — the Cathedral! We knew it in a moment.

Half of that night, and all of the next day, this architectural autocrat was our sole object of interest. What a wonder it is! So grand, so solemn, so vast! And yet' so delicate, so airy', so graceful! A very world of solid weight`; and yet it seems, in the soft moonlight, only a fairy delusion of frost-work, that might vanish with a breath`! How sharply its pinnacled angles and its wilderness of spires were cut against the sky`; and how richly their shadows fell upon its snowy roof! It was a vision`! a miracle`! an anthem sung in stōne, a poem wrought in marble`!

Howsoever you look at the great Cathedral, it is noble, it is beautiful! Wherever you stand in Milan, or within seven miles of Milan, it is visible — and when it is visible, no other object can claim your whole attention. Leave your eyes unfettered by your will but a single instant, and they will surely turn to seek it. It is the first thing you look for when you rise in the morning, and the last your lingering gaze rests upon at night. Surely it must be the most princely creation that ever brain of man conceived.

At nine o'clock in the morning we went and stood before this marble colossus. The central one of its five great

doors is bordered with a bäs-relief of birds, and fruits, and beasts, and insects, which have been so ingeniously carved out of marble that they seem like living creatures; and the figures are so numerous, and the designs so complex, that one might study it a week without exhausting its interest.

On the great steeple — surmounting the myriad of spires — inside of the spires — over the doors, the windows — in nooks and corners — everywhere that a niche or a perch can be found about the enormous building, from summit to base, there is a marble statue, and every statue is a study in itself! Raphael, Angelo, Canova — giants like these gave birth to the designs, and their own pupils carved them. Every face is eloquent with expression, and every attitude is full of grace. Away above, on the lofty roof, rank on rank of carved and fretted spars spring high in the air, and through their rich tracery one sees the sky beyond. In their midst the centre steeple towers proudly up like the main-mast of some great Indiaman among a fleet of coasters.

We wished to go aloft. The sacristan showed us a marble stairway (of course it was marble, and of the purest and whitest — there is no other stone, no brick, no wood, among its building materials), and told us to go up one hundred and eighty-two steps, and stop till he came. It was not necessary to say stop — we should have done that any how. We were tired by the time we got there.

This was the roof. Here, springing from its broad marble flagstones were the long files of spires, looking very tall close at hand, but diminishing in the distance like the pipes of an organ. We could see, now, that the statue on the top of each was the size of a large man, though they all looked like dolls from the street. We could see, also, from the inside of each and every one of these hollow spires,

from sixteen to thirty-one beautiful marble statues looking out upon the world below.

From the eaves to the comb of the roof stretched in endless succession, great curved marble beams, like the fore and aft braces of a steamboat; and along each beam, from end to end, stood up a row of richly carved flowers and fruits — each separate and distinct in kind, and over fifteen thousand species represented. At a little distance these rows seem to close together like the ties of a railroad track; and then the mingling together of the buds and blossoms of this marble garden forms a picture of exceeding beauty.

We descended and entered. Within the church, long rows of fluted columns, like huge monuments, divided the building into broad aisles; and on the figured pavement fell many a soft blush from the painted windows above. I knew the church was very large, but I could not fully appreciate its great size until I noticed that the men standing far down by the altar looked like boys, and seemed to glide rather than walk.

We loitered about, gazing aloft at the monster windows all aglow with brilliantly colored scenes in the lives of the Savior and his followers. Some of these pictures are mosaics; and so artistically are their thousand particles of tinted glass or stone put together, that the work has all the smoothness and finish of a painting. We counted sixty panes of glass in one window, and each pane was adorned with one of these master achievements of genius and patience.

For the purpose of viewing the treasures of the church, we followed a priest into a large room filled with tall wooden presses like wardrobes. He threw them open, and behold! the cargoes of crude bullion of the assay offices of Nevada faded out of my memory. There were Virgins and bishops there, above their natural size, made of solid silver, each

worth, by weight, from one hundred and sixty thousand to three hundred thousand dollars, and bearing gemmed books in their hands worth fifteen thousand: there were bäs-reliefs that weighed six hundred pounds, carved in solid silver; crosiers and crosses, and candlesticks six and eight feet high, all of virgin gold, and brilliant with precious stones: and beside these were all manner of cups and vases, and other things, rich in proportion. It was an Aladdin's palace! The treasures here, by simple weight, without counting workmanship, were valued at ten millions of dollars!

I like to revel in the dryest details of the great cathedral. The building is nearly five hundred feet long, by three hundred feet wide; and the principal steeple is in the neighborhood of four hundred feet high. It has more than seven thousand marble statues, and will have upward of three thousand more when it is finished. In addition, it has one thousand five hundred bäs-reliefs. It has one hundred and thirty-six spires — twenty-one more are to be added. Each spire is surmounted by a statue six and a half feet high. It is estimated that it will take a hundred and twenty years yet to finish the cathedral; and already the mere workmanship alone has cost considerably over a hundred millions of dollars. The building looks complete, but is far from being so. We saw a new statue put in its niche yesterday, alongside of one which had been standing these four hundred years.

There are four staircases leading up to the main steeple, each of which, with the four hundred and eight statues which adorn them, cost a hundred thousand dollars. Marco Campioni was the architect who designed this wonderful structure, more than five hundred years ago; and it took him forty-six years to work out the plan, and get it ready to hand over to the builders. The building was begun a little

less than five hundred years ago; and the third generation hence will not see it completed.

DIDACTIC.

34.

["Haste Not — Rest Not." — *Gœthe.*]

"Without haste! without rest!"
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not — let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might;
Haste not — years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide —
Do the *right*, whate'er betide!
Haste not — rest not — conflicts past, —
God shall crown thy work at last.

SOLEMNITY.

35.

["Break, Break, Break." — *Tennyson.*]

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor-lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

99. FULL FORCE. LAW OF USE.

Full Force is employed in the expression of *joy*, *gladness*, *defiance*, *anger*, *profound sublimity*, and *grandeur*, and in the delivery of *political*, *senatorial*, and *judicial speeches* of an exalted *oratorical* character.

100. Examples: JOY AND GLADNESS.

[From "Boy Britton." — *Wilson.*]

"See, Boy Briton, see, boy, see!
They strike! HURRAH! the fort has surrendered!

Shout! shout, my warrior boy!
And wave your cap, and clap your hands with joy!
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about —
HURRAH! HURRAH!"

DEFIANCE AND ANGER.

[From "Marmion and Douglas." — *Scott.*]

36.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer:
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone, —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp

The hand of such as Marmion clasp."
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said:
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: — "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms! — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,

The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

Sublimity and Grandeur.

["The Sublimity of God." — *From Psalm CIV.*]

37.

Mildest Form of Full Force.

24. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

25. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

27. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

28. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

29. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

30. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

31. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

32. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

Senatorial Oration.

38.

["Free Discussion." — *Tristam Burges.*]

Sir, admit — for we must admit — that free discussion

has ever been odious to the tyrant, and to all the minions of licentious power; but can we ever forget how eloquent, how enchanting the voice of that same freedom of speech has, in all ages, been, wherever its tones have fallen on the ear of freemen?

Free discussion, and liberty itself, eloquence and freedom of speech, are contemporaneous fires, and brighten and blaze, or languish and go out, together. Athenian liberty was, for years, protracted by that free discussion, which was sustained and continued in Athens. Freedom was prolonged by eloquence. Liberty paused and lingered, that she might listen to the divine intonations of her voice. Free discussion, the eloquence of one man, rolled back the tide of Macedonian power, and long preserved his country from the overwhelming deluge.

When the light of free discussion had, throughout all the Grecian cities, been extinguished in the blood of those statesmen by whose eloquence it had been sustained, young Tully, breathing the spirit of Roman liberty on the expiring embers, relumed and transmitted, from the banks of the Ilissus to those of the Tiber, this glorious light of freedom. This mighty master of the forum, by his free discussions, both from the rostrum and in the senate-house, gave new vigor, and a longer duration of existence, to the liberty of his country. Who, more than Marcus Tullius Cicero, was loved and cherished by the friends of that country? Who more feared and hated by traitors and tyrants?

Freedom of speech, Roman eloquence, Roman liberty, expired together, when, under the proscription of the second triumvirate, the hired bravo of Mark Antony placed in the lap of one of his profligate minions the head and the hands of Tully, the statesman, the orator, the illustrious father of his country. After amusing herself some hours by plunging her

bodkin through that tongue which had so long delighted the senate and the rostrum, and made Antony himself tremble in the midst of his legions, she ordered that head and those hands, then the trophies of a savage despotism, to be set up in the forum.

"Her last good man, dejected Rome adored;
Wept for her patriot slain, and cursed the tyrant's sword."

Judicial Speeches.

39.

["Trial of Warren Hastings." — *Edmund Burke.*]

My Lords, I have done! The part of the Commons is concluded! With a trembling hand, we consign the product of these long, *long* labors to your charge. *Take it!* Take it! It is a sacred trust! Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal!

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call this world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarications; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, the vices, the exorbitant wealth, the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

A business which has so long occupied the councils and tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be hurried over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great Revolutions that break the

traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it. The meanest of us will, by means of it, become more or less the concern of posterity.

My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands a great edifice; but, let me say, it stands in the midst of ruins — in the midst of ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in that state, that we appear every moment to be on the verge of some great mutation. There is one thing, and one thing only, that defies mutation — that which existed before the world itself. I mean JUSTICE; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves, and with regard to others; and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when he comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships. There is nothing sinister which can happen to you in which we are not involved. And if it should so happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amid the prelates, the nobles, the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony.

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand — and stand I trust you will, together with the for-

tunes of this ancient monarchy; together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom — may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue; may you stand, and long stand, the terror of tyrants; may you stand, the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand, a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of inviolable JUSTICE.

"THE PLEA OF STATE NECESSITY."

40.

[From "Trial of Warren Hastings." — *Sheridan.*]

"Driven from every other hold, the prisoner is obliged to resort, as a justification of his enormities, to the stale pretext of State Necessity! Of this last disguise it is my duty to strip him.

"I will venture to say, my Lords, that no one instance of real necessity can be adduced. The necessity which the prisoner alleges listens to whispers for the purpose of crimination, and deals in rumor to prove its own existence. *His* a State Necessity! No, my Lords, that imperial tyrant, genuine *State Necessity*, is yet a generous despot — and when he acts he is bold in his demeanor, rapid in his decisions, though terrible in his grasp. What he does, my Lords, he dares avow; and avowing, scorns any other justification than the high motives which placed the iron sceptre in his hands.

"Even when its rigors are suffered, its apology is also known; and men learn to consider it in its true light, as a power which turns occasionally aside from just government, when its exercise is calculated to prevent greater evils than it occasions. But a quibbling, prevaricating necessity, which

tries to steal a pitiful justification from whispered accusations and fabricated rumors — no, my Lords, that is *no* State Necessity! Tear off the mask, and you see coarse, vulgar avarice lurking under the disguise.

"The State Necessity of Mr. Hastings is a juggle. It is a being that prowls in the dark. It is to be traced in the ravages which it commits, but never in benefits conferred or evils prevented. I can conceive justifiable occasions for the exercise even of outrage, where high public interests demand the sacrifice of private right. If any great man, in bearing the arms of his country — if any admiral, carrying the vengeance and the glory of Britain to distant coasts, should be driven to some rash acts of violence, in order, perhaps, to give food to those who are shedding their blood for their country — there is a State Necessity in such a case, grand, magnanimous, and all-commanding, which goes hand in hand with honor.

"If any great general, defending some fortress, barren, perhaps, itself, but a pledge of the pride and power of Britain — if such a man, fixed like an imperial eagle on the summit of a rock, should strip its sides of the verdure and foliage with which it might be clothed, while covered on the top with that cloud from which he was pouring down his thunders on the foe — would he be brought by the House of Commons to your bar? No, my Lords, never would his grateful and admiring countrymen think of questioning actions which, though accompanied by private wrong, yet were warranted by real necessity. But is the State Necessity which is pleaded by the prisoner, in defence of his conduct, of this description? I challenge him to produce a single instance in which any of his private acts were productive of public advantage, or averted impending evil."

101. SUSTAINED FORCE.

In addressing large assemblies, and in *calling* and *commanding*, the Full Force is sustained for some moments, according to the size of the audience, or distance to which the voice is to be heard.

102. Examples: SPEAKING TO GREAT NUMBERS.

Fellow Citizens: It — is — no — ordinary — cause — that — has — brought — together — this — vast — assemblage — on — the — present — occasion.

CALLING.

Young men, — ahoy!
O — v — e — r!
Ship, — ahoy! —— Send — a — boat!

COMMANDING.

Forward, — the — Light Brigade!
Charge — for — the — guns!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take — her, — oh — bridegroom — old — and — gray,
Take — her — to — thy — protecting — arms,
With — all — her — youth — and — all — her — charms."
— [*Longfellow.*

EXERCISES IN FORCE.

Determine and apply the appropriate force in each of the following selections: —

1.

"Speak softly! All's hushed as midnight."

2.

"Oh! I have passed a miserable night."

3.

"Stand! the ground's your own, my braves;
Will ye give it up to slaves?"

4.

"Now, men! now is your time!"
"Make ready! take aim! fire!"

5.

Up the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen!
Summon out the might of men!
Clang the bells in all your spires!
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires!
Oh, for God and Duty stand,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of your land!

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103. STRESS.

1. Stress is the application of Force to some particular part of a syllable or word.

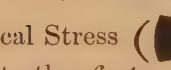
2. Stress differs from accent in this particular; stress is limited to only a part of a syllable, while accent includes the entire syllable.

3. In the utterance of an elementary sound which consists of but a single impulse of the voice, the force may lie prominently on the first or on the last part, on the middle or on both extremes, or it may be distributed with an equal degree throughout the sound.

4. The divisions of stress are,

RADICAL,	MEDIAN,	FINAL.
COMPOUND,	THOROUGH,	INTERMITTENT.

104. RADICAL STRESS.

1. Radical Stress () is the application of Force to the *first* part of a syllable or word.

2. In applying this stress to a word the sound will burst instantaneously upon the first part of the syllable, and the succeeding part of the syllable will be uttered with a slight aspiration if the vocal organs are not under perfect control.

105. LAW OF USE.

The degree of Radical Stress is determined by the intensity of emotion. It is used, first, to express *narrative*, *didactic*, and *descriptive* thought; and, second, to express *sudden anger*, *fear*, *impetuous* and *startling emotions*; and, third, in the delivery of *vigorous* and *earnest argument*.

106. Exercises in Stress: —

act	after	all	arms
up	back	die	march
terror	run	fall	go

107. Examples: DESCRIPTION.

41.

[From "The Bachelors." —*Anon.*]

The naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form and their features;

The Benedicks think that their senses are small,
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough: —
The old ones have wigs′, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it′, and curl it′, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark′ should it chance to be fair.

They are ramblers′ and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men —
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
Though sometimes, indeed, it may be rather more —
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And everywhere known as the Bachelor's Room.

These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelor's ball;
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo, and they sue,
And they smile for a while, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending:
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at whist;
And they whirl and they twirl, and they whisk, and are brisk,
And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet, and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering —
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering —
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping, and jumping, and stumping, and thumping —

Sounding and bounding around and around,
And sliding and gliding with minuet pace —
Pirouetting, and sitting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing;
They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs, or with beaux in the rows.
Or, what's propera, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning — fie! fie! sirs, for shame —
At an hour, for their sakes, I won't venture to name.

But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past —
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold —
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,
And the world can grumble, and women can scold —
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told —
He then repents at last!

When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty — in fine,
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine;
And he rates and he prates, and reads the debates,
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,
And is cozing and prosing, and dozing all day,
And snoring, and roaring, and boring away;
And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and snuffy,

And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty;
Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing,
And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and stumbling;
Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
Withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering,
Waking, and aching, and quaking, and shaking,
Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
Weary and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning;
And crying, and sighing, while lying and dying,
Grieving and heaving, though naught he is leaving
But wealth, and ill-health, and his pelf, and himself.

Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
With his wonderful skill,
And a very big bill,
All of which is worth nil,
But who gives him offense, as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about *making his will;*
For the game's up at last,
The grave die is cast,
Never was fretful antiquity mended—
So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.
Nobody mourns him′, nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him′, nobody cries;
For, whether a fool′, or whether he's wise,
Nobody grieves′ when a bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen! mark me, for this is the life
That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath,
Attested by all who are in at the death.

Didactic Thought.

42.

[From "To-day." — *Carpenter.*]

Don't tell me of to-morrow`;
  Give me the man who'll say,
That, when a good deed's to be done,
  "Let's do the deed *to-day.*"
We may all command the present,
  If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
  Of a past that comes too late!

Don't tell me of to-morrow`;
  There is much to do *to-day*,
That can never be accomplished
  If we throw the hours away;
Every moment has its duty;
  Who the future can foretell`?
Why put off until to-morrow
  What *to-day* can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow`:
  If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
  We can not do at last`!
To-day it is the only time
  For all upon the earth;
It takes an age to form a life —
  A moment gives it birth!

Fear — Terror.

Angels! and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven
Or blasts from hell. Be thy intent wicked
Or charitable, thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.

SUDDEN ANGER.

The furies curse you then;
When forth you walk, may the red, flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues!
Vipers that die not, slowly gnaw your heart;
May mankind shun you; may you hate yourself,
Pray for death hourly yet be million of years
In expiring.

STARTLING EMOTION.

["The Rising — 1776." — *T. B. Read.*]

Out of the North the wild news came
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;

There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake;
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.
A moment there was awful pause —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so;
When God is with our righteous cause,
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this the dawn of freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long, reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;

And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! war! war!"

'Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

Vigorous and Earnest Appeal.

43.

[From "The Sermon of Massillon."]

I ask you, then — struck with dismay, I ask it, not separating my own lot from yours, but placing myself in the same predicament — I ask you if Jesus Christ were to appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, in judgment, and separate the sheep from the goats, think you the larger portion of us here present would be placed on the right? Think you there would be *half?* Do you believe there would be simply *ten* righteous, which God once did not find in five entire cities? I ask you — you know not. I too am ignorant: thou only, O God! knowest who are thine.

But if we know not who belong to God, we are at least certain that the wicked do not. Who, then, are the righteous in this assembly? Titles, and rank, and riches must be reckoned as nothing; you will be stripped of them in the presence of Jesus Christ. Who, then, are here? Many sinners who will not be converted; a still larger number who would, but delay their conversion; some who repent but to

relapse again into sin; and many who think they have no need of conversion. These are the classes of the reprobate. Retrench these four sorts of sinners from this assembly — they *will be* retrenched at the great day of accounts. Stand forth now, ye righteous! Where are ye? Remnant of Israel, pass to the right! Wheat of the Lord, separate from this chaff, destined to unquenchable fire! O my God! where are thine elect, and what remains for thy portion?

Earnest, Lofty and Sublime Argument.

44.

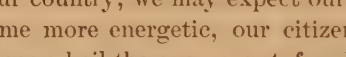
[From "National Character." — *Maxey*]

The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire — an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished forever. Her moldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Such, the warning voice of antiquity, the example of all republics proclaim, may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of

our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit which conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to that moment when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave and dashed his fetters to the earth; when the sword of a Washington leaped from its scabbard to avenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altar of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and we may hail the age as not far distant when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man, I AM AN AMERICAN!

108. MEDIAN STRESS.

1. The Median Stress () is the application of force to the middle of the syllable or word.

2. The Median Stress consists of a gradual swelling of voice to the middle of the syllable or word, and then a gradual diminution of force and pitch to the end.

109. LAW OF USE.

The Median Stress is used in the expression of *grandeur*, *sublimity*, *pathos*, *reverence* and *devotion*.

The intensity of the stress varies with the degree of emotion.

110. Exercises. —

a,	e,	i,	o,	u.
Rome	round		beams	form
gold	heart		pale	wave
moan	hand		oh	air

Examples: GRANDEUR AND SUBLIMITY.

[From "The Forest Hymn." — *Bryant.*]

But thou art here, ; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summits of these trees
In music, ; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt, ; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee,.
Here is continual worship, ; nature', here,
In the tranquility that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence,.

Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes, ; and yon clear spring, that, 'mid its herbs,
Wells softly forth', and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest', tells no tale,
Of all the good it does,.

Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections,. Grandeur', strength', and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated', not a prince,

In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun.

Solemnity and Devotion.

45.

[From "Nearer Home." — *Phebe Carey.*]

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

111. FINAL STRESS.

1. The Final Stress ( ) is the application of Force to the last part of the syllable or word.

2. The Final Stress consists of a gradual increase of force till the end of the syllable or word is reached, when the force culminates in a violent explosive utterance.

112. LAW OF USE.

1. The Final Stress is used in expressing a *dogged determination*, *contempt*, *rebuke*, *disgust*, *revenge*, *defiance* and *hatred*.

2. This is emphatically the stress of decisive statements. Its use, with those to whom it is natural, admits of no equivocation.

3. In this connection, the pupil may profitably select any ten persons of his acquaintance, and observe their conversation for a time; he will be surprised to notice what a wonderful index their voice-elements are to their peculiar temperaments. Stress, quality, pitch and voice slides are significant exponents of character.

4. Upon this point, Hamill justly observes: "Without the full command of the Final Stress, determined purpose, earnest resolve, manly protest,

degenerate into childish and angry utterance; and the expression of scorn, revenge and contempt sinks to the ridiculous tones of the shrew."

113. Exercises: —

hate	leave	great	gone
blood	bond	speak	will
revenge	defiance	mean	defy

114. Examples: DOGGED DETERMINATION.

[From the "Merchant of Venice." — *Shakespeare.*]

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more:
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.

REBUKE.

[From "Julius Cæsar." — *Shakespeare.*]

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break:
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth — yea, for my laughter —
When you are waspish.

EARNEST PROTEST — REBUKE.

46.

[From "The Irish Disturbance Bill." — *O'Connell.*]

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this house; I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong, — toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation: it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this house, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

Against the bill I protest in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated; for in such cases remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

CONTEMPT — DEFIANCE — HATE.

47.

[From "Catiline's Defiance." — *Croly.*]

Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free
From daily contact with the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" — Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished? I thank you for't! It breaks my chains!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour,
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities!
But here I stand and scoff you! — here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks!
He dare not touch a hair of Catiline!

* * * * * * *

"Traitor!" I go, — but I return! This trial!
Here I devote your senate! — I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones,
Till Anarchy come down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

115. COMPOUND STRESS.

Compound Stress ( ) is the application of Force to the first and last part of a word, giving the middle part but slight force.

116. LAW OF USE.

The Compound Stress is used to express *ridicule*, *astonishment*, *contempt*, *mockery*, *sarcasm* and *raillery*.

117. Exercises.—

added	happy	feared
he	died	dead
you	nice	gone

118. Examples: MOCKERY.

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Hamlet. A *bloody deed;* almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a *king* and marry with his *brother.*

SURPRISE.

Queen. As kill a *king?*

INTENSE ASTONISHMENT.

Gone to be *married!*

119. THOROUGH STRESS.

1. Thorough Stress (▬▬▬) is the equal distribution of Force to all parts of the syllable or word.

2. It is a combination of the Radical, Median and Final in the order named.

3. It is the characteristic Stress of a powerful and all-pervading emotion that seeks to express itself in broad, swelling sounds which electrify the hearts and fire the souls of listeners.

4. The effect of the Thorough Stress upon the

assembled multitude, listening to the impassioned appeals of a skillful orator, pleading the cause of suffering humanity, or denouncing insatiate ambition, unbridled licentiousness or unchecked tyranny, is wonderful and beyond our comprehension. If, however, employed in the expression of common-place ideas and trivial thoughts, it can excite in cultivated minds only ridicule and disgust.

5. Children are usually deficient in the power of Thorough Stress, and on attempting to apply it to one or more words, are apt to run into a high, monotonous chant that is extremely unpleasant to hearers. To avoid this tendency, examples should be used for the practice of this stress containing words at their close which require some other stress.

[See first example below; the words, "he said," require Radical Stress.]

120. LAW OF USE.

The Thorough Stress is employed to express *lofty command*, *rapturous joy*, *vehement indignation*, *oratorical apostrophe* and *intense* and *violent emotion*.

121. Exercises. —

harm	dare	hark	swelled
share	heart	swarmed	drove

122. Examples: LOFTY COMMAND.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.

EXULTATION.

Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man!

INTENSE EMOTION.

Uncounted gold shall be given to the man
Whose brave right hand,
For the love of the periled city,
Plucks down yon flaming brand.

ORATORICAL APOSTROPHE.

48.

[From "The Launch of the Ship." — *Longfellow.*]

Thou, too, sail on, oh Ship of State!
Sail on, oh Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

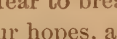
Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.

VEHEMENT INDIGNATION.

[From "Chatham's Rebuke of Lord Suffolk."]

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend and this most learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character."

123. INTERMITTENT STRESS.

1. The Intermittent Stress () is a tremulous application of Force throughout the syllable or word, prolonged in utterance.

2. It is the characteristic Stress of extreme tenderness, feebleness and old age, but is also observed in subdued grief and joy, when the breath is sent forth in agitated jets, as if the vital forces were too weak to control its accurate articulation.

3. To secure command of the tremor, much practice

upon simple elements and words is necessary before attempting continuous sentences.

124. LAW OF USE.

The Intermittent Stress is used in the expression of *weakness*, *exhaustion*, *sickness*, *pity*, *tenderness* and *overwhelming joy* and *grief*.

125. Exercises.—

A	E	I	O	U
old	gone		poor	grave
strength	word		time	breath
hear	come		round	soul
chain	twine		path	roll

126. Examples : SICKNESS AND EXHAUSTION.

Jessie's — too — sick, — Papa. Can't — say — good-night, — Papa. ——— In — the — morning.

Mother, — the — angels — do — so — smile, — and — beckon — little Jim.

INTENSE GRIEF — DISTRACTION — SUPPLICATION.

[From "McLain's Child." — *Charles Mackay.*]

"Oh, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
Oh, give me back my child!" she cried.
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

FEEBLENESS.

[From "The Old Man's Request." — *Thomas Moore.*]

Mark the words in Italics with the Intermittent Stress.

Pity the sorrows of a *poor old* man,
Whose trembling limbs have *borne* him to your *door*,
Whose days are *dwindled* to the shortest *span;*
O, give relief! and Heaven will *bless* your store!

EXERCISES IN STRESS.

The student will name and apply the proper stress in the following selections: —

1.

"Arm, arm, and away!"

2.

"O Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"

3.

"How dare you enter here, vile wretch!"

4.

How sweet the chimes of Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer.

5.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

6.

Julia. Why! do you think I'll *work?*
Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.
Julia. What, *rub* and *scrub* your noble palace *clean?*
Duke. Those taper fingers will do it daintily.
Julia. And dress your victuals (if there be any)? Oh, I shall go mad!

7.

"Still, *always* it is beautiful — that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; its foam brings not *madness* and *murder;* no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its

depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost, from the grave, curses it in the worlds of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends: would you exchange it for the *demon's* drink, ALCOHOL?" *A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered* "No!"

127. PITCH.

1. Pitch is the degree of elevation or depression of sound.

2. We say that one tone is higher than another when the number of vibrations produced in the utterance of one is greater than the other.

3. Pitch in music is determined by the unvarying musical scale, and transitions from high to low or the reverse, are made by steps; while in speech the appropriate pitch depends upon the sentiment to be expressed and the construction of the vocal organs of the speaker; and the various changes are made by slides of the voice called the concrete movement.

4. A number of persons singing the same piece of music would employ the same pitch, but if these same persons read the same selection, though it require a high or low pitch, there is scarcely any probability that their voices would be pitched upon the same key; and yet, each, using *his* appropriate pitch for the sentiment, would read it correctly. In the first instance the pitch is determined by musical instruments; in the latter by the voices of the respective individuals.

5. All that has been said concerning the influence of emotion in determining the appropriate element in vocal expression applies to pitch. These conditions operate directly upon the vocal organs, — tension of the vocal chords, producing a high pitch, arises from

exaltation of spirit; relaxation of these chords, producing low pitch, accompanies mental depression; while a tranquil state of mind leaves the vocal chords in their natural condition, and a pitch midway between *high* and *low* will be selected.

128. DIVISIONS OF PITCH.

1. Since the sentiment determines the appropriate Pitch, three divisions are naturally formed, which we designate *High*, *Middle* and *Low*.

2. These divisions are not absolute, and have no definite place on the musical scale. They vary according to intensity of feeling and the natural key of different voices.

3. Each of these divisions has an extended compass, since many emotions that are classed as exciting, differ widely in degree and in their influence upon individuals; hence, we may have pitch high, moderately high, and very high, and the same is true of low pitch. The pupil must decide from the intensity of the sentiment what degree of high or low pitch he shall use, bearing in mind that the greater the agitation from joyous or angry emotions, the higher the pitch; and, conversely, the greater the depression from emotions of solemnity or grief, the lower the pitch.

129. Exercises.—

NOTE. — In the practice of these exercises the pupil must preserve the same Quality throughout the various divisions. Utter each element in Low, Middle and High Pitch, next in the order Middle, High and Low, then give the sounds in the order High, Low, Middle.

A, E, I, O, U.

130. MIDDLE PITCH.

The Middle Pitch is used in our ordinary conversation in the delivery of *narrative*, *descriptive* and *didactic* thought, and in the introduction to *lectures*, *orations* and *sermons*.

131. Examples: Narration.

49.

[From "Robinson Crusoe Finds his Man Friday." — *Defoe.*]

I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer: at length he came close to me; and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived that the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years.

Description.

50.

[From "The Highland Light-House." — *Thoreau.*]

It was a neat building, with everything in apple-pie order, and no danger of anything rusting there for want of oil.

The light consisted of fifteen argand lamps, placed within smooth concave reflectors twenty-one inches in diameter, and arranged in two horizontal circles one above the other, facing every way excepting directly down the Cape. These were surrounded, at a distance of two or three feet, by large plate-glass windows, which defied the storms with iron sashes, on which rested the iron cap.

All the iron-work, except the floor, was painted white. And thus the light-house was completed. We walked slowly round in that narrow space as the keeper lighted each lamp in succession, conversing with him at the same moment that many a sailor on the deep witnessed the lighting of the Highland Light. His duty was to fill and trim and light his lamps, and keep bright the reflectors. He filled them every morning, and trimmed them commonly once in the course of the night.

Didactic Thought.

51.

["A Psalm of Life." — *Longfellow.*]

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Introduction to Oration.

52.

[From "Chancellor Kent's Eulogy on Noah Webster."]

For nearly half a century, amidst obstacles and toils, disappointments and infirmities, this eminent philologist has

nobly sustained his courage; and by means of his extraordinary skill and industry in the investigation of languages, he will transmit his name to the latest posterity. It will dwell on the tongues of infants as soon as they have learned to lisp their earliest lessons. It will be stamped on our American literature, and be carried with it over every part of this mighty continent. It will be honored by three hundred millions of people, for that is the number which, it is computed, will, in some future age, occupy the wide space of territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Torrid to the Arctic regions.

132. HIGH PITCH.

High Pitch is used in *calling*, *commanding* and *shouting*, and in the delivery of *animated*, *earnest* and *joyous* sentiments.

133. Examples: CALLING.

53.

[From "Creeds of the Bells." — *G. W. Bungay.*]

"To all, the truth, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

COMMANDING.

Forward, the Light Brigade!

SHOUTING.

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout FREEDOM, till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

— [*Whittier.*

ANIMATION.

54.

[From "Sheridan's Ride." — *T. B. Read.*]

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

JOY.

55.

[From "It Snows." — *Mrs. Hale.*]

"It snows!" cries the school-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,

Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of nature, are theirs.

Earnestness.

56.

[From "Battle of Waterloo." — *Byron.*]

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the *dance!* let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And *nearer, clearer, deadlier* than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is the *cannon's* opening roar!

Empassioned Oratory.

57.

[From "Speech of Patrick Henry," March, 1775.]

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

Mr. President: It is natural for man' to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren' till she transforms us into beasts. Is *this'* — the part of *wise men'*, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for *liberty'?* Are we disposed to be of the number of *those'*, who, having *eyes'*, — see not, and having *ears'*, — *hear* not the things which so

nearly concern their temporal salvation′? For *my*, — part′, whatever anguish of spirit it may *cost*′, I am willing to know the *whole*, *truth*; to *know* the *worst*, and to *provide* for it.

I have but *one* lamp, by which *my*, feet are guided; and *that*, — is — the *lamp* of *experience*. I know of no way of judging of the *future*′, but by the *past*,; I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years′, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that *insidious smile*′ with which our petition has been lately received′? *Trust it not*, sir: it will prove a *snare*, to your feet,. Suffer not yourselves to be *betrayed* with a *kiss*. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land,. Are *fleets*′ — and *armies*′ — necessary to a work of *love* and *reconciliation*? Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling*′ to be reconciled, that *force* — must be called in to win back our love′? Let us not *deceive*, ourselves, sir. These are the implements of *war*, and *subjugation*,; the *last* arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen′, what *means* this *martial array*, if its purpose be *not* to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any *other* — *possible* — *motive* for it? Has Great Britain any *enemy*′ — in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies′? No,, sir, she has *none*,. They are meant for *us*,: they *can*, be meant for no *other*,. They are sent over to *bind*, and *rivet*, upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to *oppose*, to them? Shall we try *argument*? Sir′, we have *been trying*, *that*, for the *last* — *ten* — *years*. Have we any thing *new*′ to offer upon the subject? Nothing,. We have held the subject up in

every light in which it was *capable*, ; but it has been all in vain,.

Shall we resort to *entreaty* and *humble supplication?* What *terms*, shall we *find*, which have not been already *exhausted*, ? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer,. Sir', we have done everything that *could be done*, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have *remonstrated*, ; we have SUPPLICATED, ; we have PROSTRATED, ourselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest, the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our *petitions'* have been *slighted*, ; our *remonstrances* have produced *additional violence* and *insult* ; our *supplications'* have been *disregarded*, ; and we have been *spurned*, with *contempt*, , from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room* for hope. If we wish to be *free* ; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending' ; if we mean not basely to *abandon*, the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves *never*, to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained', we *must fight*, ! I repeat it,, sir, WE MUST FIGHT!! An appeal to *arms*, , and the *God of Hosts*, , is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir', that we are *weak*, ; *unable* to *cope*, with so formidable an adversary. But *when* shall we be *stronger*, ? Will it be the *next week'*, or the *next year'?* Will it be, when we are totally *disarmed*, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather *strength* by *irresolution* and *inaction?* Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs', and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound

us hand and foot'? Sir', we are *not weak*, if we make a proper use of those means', which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of *liberty*, and in *such* a country as that which *we* possess, are invincible by *any force* which our enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles — *alone'*. There is a *just God*, who presides over the destinies of nations'; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the *strong' alone;* it is to the *vigilant* — the *active*, — the *brave*. Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to *desire* it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is *inevitable;* and — *let it come!!* I repeat it, LET IT COME!!!!

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry *peace', peace';* but there is *no* peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north', will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our *brethren'* are *already* in the field! Why stand *we* — here idle? What is it that gentlemen *wish?* What would they *have?* Is life *so dear'*, or peace *so sweet'*, as to be purchased at the price of *chains'* and *slavery'?* Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course *others'* may take; but as for *me'*, *give* me *liberty'* or GIVE ME DEATH.

134. LOW PITCH.

Low Pitch is used in the delivery of *solemn*, *serious*, *pathetic* and *devotional thought*, and in giving expression to emotions of *awe*, *melancholy*, *gloom* and *despair*.

135. Examples: SOLEMNITY.

58.

[From "Long Ago." — *B. F. Taylor.*]

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is "the Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust — oh! we love them so —
And there are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

SERIOUS THOUGHT — SUBLIMITY — AWE.

59.

[From "Immortality of the Soul." — *Addison.*]

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us

(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in, must be happy;
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me;
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

SOLEMNITY — GLOOM.

[From "Thanatopsis." — *Bryant.*]

60.

The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there!

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone!

VENERATION.

[From "The Morning Hymn." — *Milton.*]

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair — Thyself how wondrous, then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest works."

AWE — DISMAY — DESPAIR.

[From "The Pestilence." — *Porteus.*]

"At dead of night,
In sullen, silence stalks forth PESTILENCE:
CONTAGION close behind, taints all her steps
With poisonous dew: no smiting hand is seen;
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is marked with desolation: heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near:
All, all is false and treacherous around, —
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is DEATH!"

MELANCHOLY — GLOOM.

[From "Hamlet." — *Shakespeare.*]

NOTE. — The first and second lines require Middle Pitch

Ham. (R.) By-and-bye is easily said. [*Exit Polonius*, R.
Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Rosencrantz & Guild.*, R.
'Tis now the very witching time of night;

When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft — now to my mother,
Oh! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel — not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

EXERCISES IN PITCH.

1. So much of the speaker's skill in the application of the other elements depends upon his command of every degree of pitch, that the following exercises are added to secure greater compass than is afforded by preceding examples.

2. Pronounce each name in the following list with pure tone, moderate force, radical stress, as you would if calling to the individuals situated at distances indicated by the number of feet opposite his name. Repeat the names in reverse order, and afterward promiscuously, always imagining the distance to which your voice is to be heard: —

Very low pitch . .	5 feet —	Thomas Hall.
Low pitch	10 feet —	Henry Jones.
Moderately low pitch	20 feet —	Samuel Taylor.
Middle Pitch . . .	40 feet —	David Cole.
Moderately high pitch	80 feet —	James Temple.
High pitch	160 feet —	Robert Morris.
Very high pitch . .	320 feet —	Edward Blake.

3. Begin with *one* and count to *ten*, starting with your lowest pitch, and ending with your highest. Reverse the order. Maintain a moderate force. Avoid the musical scale.

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136. MOVEMENT.

1. Movement is the degree of rapidity or slowness with which words are uttered in continuous discourse.

2. Movement, like other elements of vocal expression, depends upon the nature of the thought to be spoken; and as the moods of mind, like an April sky, are constantly changing, — now buoyant with hope or exhilarated with joy, and anon sobered in serious contemplation or depressed by grief, there is necessarily little uniformity in the rate of human speech.

3. The slow and measured tread, timed in unison with the mournful dirge, suggests gloom and sorrow; while the lively step of the merry dancers in fling or reel, betray the utmost exhilaration of mind and body. "The grave psalm and the song of serious sentiment express, in their measured regularity, the adaptation of gentle and moderate movement to tranquil and sedate feeling."

4. A perfect command of every degree of movement is essential to correct and effective reading or speaking. Ignorance of this element gives the reading and declamation of our pupils that monotonous drawl which renders exercises so insipid and tedious to visitors.

5. Appropriate movement is indispensable in rousing

and retaining the attention of an audience; hence, no pains should be spared to adapt the movement of every selection to the sentiment intended to be conveyed.

137. CLASSES OF MOVEMENT.

The natural divisons of Movement are, RAPID, MODERATE and SLOW, with the further subdivisions of *very rapid* and *very slow*.

138. MODERATE MOVEMENT.

1. Moderate Movement is used in unimpassioned discourse, in the expression of *narrative*, *descriptive* and *didactic thought*.

2. The term "Moderate" must not be understood as representing a uniform rate. It includes a rate of movement that is constantly varying with the sentiment between rapid and slow.

139. Examples: NARRATION.

61.

["Trial of Hastings." — *Macaulay*.]

On October 13, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus — the hall which had resounded with the acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by

such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator.

There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage.

There the historian of the Roman empire (Gibbon) thought of the days when Cicero plead the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate that still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest scholar and the greatest painter of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition.

Description.

62.

["Gibraltar." — *Mark Twain.*]

We were approaching the famed Pillars of Hercules, and already the African one, "Ape's Hill," a grand old mountain with summit streaked with granite ledges, was in sight. The ancients considered the Pillars of Hercules the head

of navigation and the end of the world. The information the ancients did not have was very voluminous. In a few moments a lonely and enormous mass of rock, standing seemingly in the centre of the wide strait and apparently washed on all sides by the sea, swung magnificently into view, and we needed no tedious traveled parrot to tell us it was Gibraltar. There could not be two rocks like that in one kingdom.

The Rock of Gibraltar is about a mile and a half long, by fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred feet high, and a quarter of a mile wide at its base. One side and one end of it come about as straight up out of the sea as the side of a house; the other end is irregular, and the other side is a steep slant which an army would find it very difficult to climb. At the foot of this slant and occupying a part of it is the walled town of Gibraltar.

Everywhere — on hillside, in the precipice, by the sea, on the heights — everywhere you choose to look, Gibraltar is clad with masonry and bristling with guns. Pushed out into the sea on the end of a flat, narrow strip of land, it makes a striking and lively picture from whatsoever point you contemplate it. A few hundred yards of this flat ground at its base belongs to the English, and then, extending across the strip from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, a distance of a quarter of a mile, comes the "neutral ground," a space two or three hundred yards wide, which is free to both parties.

"Are you going through Spain to Paris?" That question had been bandied about the ship, day and night, from Fayal to Gibraltar, and I thought I could never get so tired of hearing any one combination of words again, or more tired of answering, "I don't know." At the last moment six or seven of our number had sufficient decision of character to

make up their minds to go, and did go, and I felt a sense of relief at once; it was forever too late, now, and I could make up my mind at my leisure not to go. I must have a prodigious quantity of mind; it takes me as much as a week sometimes to make it up.

But behold how annoyances repeat themselves! We had no sooner got rid of the Spain distress than the Gibraltar guides started another, a tiresome repetition of a legend that had nothing very astonishing about it even in the first place: "That high hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair; it is because one of the queens of Spain placed her chair there when the French and Spanish troops were besieging Gibraltar, and said she would never move from the spot till the English flag was lowered from the fortresses. If the English had not been gallant enough to lower the flag for a few hours one day, she would have had to break her oath or die up there."

We rode on mules up the steep, narrow streets, and entered the subterranean galleries the English have blasted out in the rock. Here, at short intervals, great guns frown out upon the sea and town, through portholes five and six hundred feet above the ocean. These guns command the peninsula and the adjacent harbors. From the lofty portholes you get superb views of the sea. At one place, where a jutting crag was hollowed out into a great chamber, whose furniture was huge cannon, and whose windows were portholes, a glimpse was caught of a hill not far away, and a soldier said: "That high hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair; it is because a queen of Spain placed her chair there once when" — *et cetera, et cetera.*

On the topmost pinnacle of Gibraltar we halted a good while, and no doubt the mules were tired. They had a right

to be. The military road was good, but rather steep, and there was a good deal of it. The view from the narrow ledge was magnificent; from it vessels seeming like tiniest little toy-boats were turned into noble ships by the telescope, and other vessels that were fifty miles away, and even sixty, they said, and invisible to the naked eye, could be clearly distinguished. Below, on one side, we looked down upon an endless mass of batteries, and on the other straight down to the sea.

While I was resting comfortably on a rampart, and cooling my baking head in the delicious breeze, an officious guide belonging to another party came up and said: "That high hill, yonder, sir, is called the Queen's Chair." "Sir," said I, interrupting him — "sir, I am a helpless orphan, in a foreign land. Have pity on me. Don't — now *don't* — inflict that most tiresome old legend on me any more to-day."

Didactic Thought.

[From "Shun Debt." — *Bulwer.*]

Easy to keep out of debt! No, my young friend, it is difficult. Are you rich? The bland tradesman cries, "Pay when you please." Are you poor? Still your character is as yet without stain, and your character is a property on which you can borrow a trifle. But when you borrow on your *character*, it is your character that you leave in pawn.

Young friend, learn to say No. The worst that the "No" can inflict on you is a privation — a want — always short of starvation. No young man with the average health of youth need be in danger of starving. Be contented. Say No! Keep out of peril your honor. Shake hands; we are agreed. You consent to have a horror of debt.

140. SLOW MOVEMENT.

Slow Movement is used in the expression of sentiments of *reverence*, *solemnity*, *grandeur*, *awe*, *melancholy*, *despair* and *gloom*.

141. Examples: AMAZEMENT — AWE.

63.

[From "Darkness." — *Byron.*]

The world was void:
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss, without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished: Darkness had no need
Of aid from them — she was the universe.

GLOOM.

64.

[From Poe's "Bells."]

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone.
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

REVERENCE — DEVOTION.

65.

[From "The Forest Hymn." — *Bryant.*]

O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by!
O from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty.
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

SUBLIMITY — AWE.

66.

[From "The Closing Year." — *Prentiss.*]

The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,

Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful, —
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, — and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, — and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day, — and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

142. RAPID MOVEMENT.

Rapid Movement is used in the expression of *lively*, *gay* and *joyous* thought and *exciting* emotions emanating from *joy* or *fear*.

143. Examples: JOY.

.67.

[From "The Bells." — *Poe.*]

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells —
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells!

GAYETY.

68.

[From "Rhyme of the Rail." — *Saxe*.]

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail.

Men of different stations
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Traveling together.

Gentlemen in shorts,
  Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
  Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
  With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray,
  Looking rather green.

Gentlemen quite old
  Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
  In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
  Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed,
  Dreadfully in liquor.

Stranger on the right
  Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
  Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker —
  Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
  bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left
  Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
  Like the Seven Sleepers.

Ancient maiden lady
  Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril

'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger.

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking.

Market woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it come, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail.

Excitement.

[From "Lady of the Lake." — *Scott.*]

"Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.

Commotion.

69.

[From "Mazeppa." — *Byron.*]

Away, away, and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.
Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind:
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checkered with the northern light:
From out the forest prance
A trampling troop. — I see them come;
A thousand horse, and none to ride;
With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,

And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod:
A thousand horse — the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on.
They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.

Consternation.

70.

[From "The Power of Habit." — *J. B. Gough.*]

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to the enjoyment.

Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper

trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! hah! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed — there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! hah! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

[*Very rapid.*] Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon thy brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! — ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up!"

144. Exercises on the Essential Elements.

1. The pupil will examine the following sentences, and state the appropriate elements — as Quality, Force, Stress, Pitch, and Movement — required in the delivery of each, after which each sentence should be read in the manner indicated by the sentiment.

2. In this exercise keep constantly in mind that the appropriate element is determined by the contained thought, emotion or passion.

3. As an additional exercise the teacher will select and place upon the blackboard sentences containing every variety of sentiment, and require the pupils to name the proper elements employed in their reading.

1. O thou Eternal One, keep me from all harm.
2. Quick! mount the ladder! tear away the shutter!
3. Slowly and sadly we laid him down.
4. The furies curse you for your crime!
5. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
6. Ay! laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth;
   Your task is done; I'm mad! I'm mad!
7. I cannot stand! I fall! Here let me rest.
8. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
9. Will he attempt to *conceal* his acts?
10. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.
11. Hear, O Heavens! and give ear, O Earth!
12. Be we *men*, and suffer such dishonor?
13. James, bring me your book.
14. If ye be *men*, follow me.

15. Once I was pure as the snow, — but I fell!

16. Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim.

17. Yes, my friends, death has been among us.

18. I have no desire for office, not even the highest.

19. "Treason!" cried the speaker; "treason, treason, treason," resounded from every part of the house.

20. 'Tis a time for memory and for tears.

21. Creator, yes. Thy wisdom and thy word — created me.

22. There's a burden of grief on the breezes of spring.

23. Is this a time to be gloomy and sad?

24. Laugh heartily if you would keep the dew of your youth.

25. 'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.

26. Hush! breathe it not aloud,
The wild winds must not hear it.

27. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

28. Hath a dog money? Is it possible that a cur can lend three thousand ducats?

29. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep.

30. The name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there.

31. Hush! Hark! I hear a footstep!

32. "Look to Jesus! Can — you — hear?" "Ay, ay, sir!"

33. Forward, Battery B!

34. Slave, do thy office! Strike as I struck the foe.

35. "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain."

36. Blessed be thy name, O Lord, most High.

37. "Hello there! What do you want?"

38. "'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I did not mean to be so bad."

39. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

40. The smile is the bud of the full-blown laughter;
The bud comes first, and the bloom comes after.

41. "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanly, on!"

42. "Pause not to dream of the future before us."

43. "Then fear not, doubt not, which thou wilt,
We'll try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

44. "Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!"

45. A big black bug bit a big black bear.

46. "My dream was lengthened after life;
Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!"

47. "The dark is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun."

48. "Blood-hounds! I laugh at ye, ha, ha, ha, we will
Baffle them yet, ha, ha!"

145. ACCIDENTAL ELEMENTS.

1. The Accidents are those elements of vocal expression which, though occurring at intervals, are not found in all sentences.

2. Every thought must be expressed in some Quality, with some degree of Force, a prevailing Stress, a general Pitch and with appropriate Movement; while the same thought as a whole, may or may not require the elements termed accidents, to render it correctly.

3. The Essential Elements modify the general thought as expressed in the words composing the sentence taken as a whole; while the Accidental Elements turn the minds of the hearers for the time to the individual idea contained in a word or phrase.

ACCIDENTAL ELEMENTS.
- QUANTITY.
- SLIDES.
- WAVES.
- MELODY.
- SLUR.
- EMPHASIS.
- PAUSES.
- CADENCE.
- CLIMAX.
- ANTI-CLIMAX.

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146. QUANTITY.

1. Quantity is the time occupied in the utterance of single syllables or words.

2. Quantity should not be confounded with Volume. A syllable may be long in quantity without being great in volume. Long Quantity signifies a prolongation of

an elementary sound, which must necessarily be a continuant. Full Volume signifies fullness or rotundity of sound, and may or may not accompany Long Quantity.

3. Words singly and collectively stand for ideas, and often a single word, *appropriately* uttered, conveys a meaning that an entire sentence otherwise spoken would fail to express; accordingly, words are uttered in LONG, SHORT or MEDIUM QUANTITY, according to the significance or intensity of the ideas they are employed to express.

4. It is the application of this principle — coupled with the proper movement and pauses that gives such majesty and power to the rendition of Shakespeare's great compositions, when such a master artist as a Macready, Kean or Booth throws his conceptions into the delivery.

147. LONG QUANTITY.

Long Quantity is an indefinite prolongation of single syllables and words.

148. LAW OF USE.

Long Quantity is applied to words of dignity and strength, according to the intensity of sentiment and attendant circumstances, in the expression of *tenderness*, *reverence*, *adoration*, *solemnity*, *sublimity*, *shouting*, *calling* and *commanding*.

149. Examples: Tenderness — Reverence.

71.

[From "Claribel's Prayer." — *Linde Palmer.*]

The day, with cold, gray feet, clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell;
But waking Blue Eyes smiled, "'Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best; and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.

Then sank she on her knees, with eager, lifted hands;
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"Oh Father, smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her *free*, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And, Father," — still arose another pleading prayer, —
"O, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell;
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimsom sky the shouts of Freedom swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When the gray and dreary day shook hands with grayer night,
The heavy air was filled with clangor of a bell.
"O, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"'Tis victory! O, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight?
And in the fiery rain? O, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpet's golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother *evermore* with *conquerors* shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing *crowns* and bearing *palms*," he said,
A snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell;
"O, sweetest herald, say my brother *lives*," she plead.
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel,
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold, gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night wind rose and fell.
"O, child," — the herald wept, — "'tis as the dear Lord wills:
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis *well*."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

SUBLIMITY — GRANDEUR.

72.

["Bugle Song." — *Tennyson.*]

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, *dying, dying, dying.*

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, *dying, dying, dying.*

O love, they die, in yon rich sky,
They faint on field, on hill, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, *dying, dying, dying.*

SHOUTING — CALLING.

[From "Satan's Call to his Legions." — *Milton.*]

Princes! Potentates!
Warriors! The flower of heaven! once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize eternal spirits,
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!

150. SHORT QUANTITY.

Short Quantity is the sharp, quick utterance of syllables and words.

151. LAW OF USE.

Short Quantity is characteristic of excitement and impatience, and is used in the expression of great *joy, mirth, command, sudden anger, revenge* and *violent hate.*

152. Examples: Playfulness.

73.

[From "Baby Bunn." — *Josie H.*]

Winsome Baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies;
Browner than the robin's wing,
Clearer than the woodland spring,
Are the eyes of Baby Bunn —
Winsome Baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh, the eyes of Baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief will they do
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome Baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyces of gold,
Cannot make his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry, cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of Baby Bunn —
Winsome Baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast!
Never in the coming years,
Though he seeks for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.

Oh, the breath of Baby Bunn!
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One man wears its crown of thorns;
Drink its cup of gall must one!
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish, as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain
Drops of blood, like purple rain —
Weep, mother, weep!

Winsome Baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little Baby Bunn —
Winsome Baby Bunn!
Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right;
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silken stockings dressed!

Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
Those will wander on the way —
Pray, mother, pray!

MIRTH.

[From "The Enchanted Shirt." — *John Hay.*]

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

QUICK COMMAND.

Begone!
Run to your house! fall upon your knees.
Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues.

153. MEDIUM QUANTITY.

Medium Quantity is the rate of uttering individual words heard in unemotional discourse.

154. LAW OF USE.

Medium Quantity applies to words of no marked significance used in *ordinary narration*, *description* and *unimpassioned conversation*.

155. Examples: NARRATION.

74.

["Eggs." — *Beecher.*]

I never come upon a nest of eggs, secreted by the hen most conscientiously, and unknown to the most searching

housekeeper, without a sense of boyish delight, which would bring down on me the reproving looks and grave admonitions from all who have an awful sense of the proper dignity of ministers. But I have no doubt soda and acids come together with the very best of resolutions. They are determined to restrain themselves and not foam over. Yet the very first drop of water sets them off, and they make bubbles and throw them in each other's face at a furious rate, in spite of the efforts at self government. Now what is to be done about it? Were they not made so? And are not some people made so as to effervesce easily? Why they were made so is a question that should be addressed to another quarter.

Well, I was saying that the discovery of hidden eggs was always an excitement, and there have been times when the excitement was prolonged and extreme. It chanced in this wise, and in the goodly State of Indiana.

No more neat, careful, exact, and scrupulous housekeeper ever was seen in the Hoosier State than our fair landlady, who had us in special charge during the absence of our proper head and queen, who sought health on the seaboard. An old-fashioned barn there was, huge in the middle, with a variety of sheds, lean-tos, stables, and carriage houses projecting on every side of it, as if the barn had settled a family of little barns all around it. It was a family barn, beloved of hens and boys. For in its roomy interior and in the passages, bins, nooks and corners, all sorts of frolics might be carried on; while an occasional "peak" at the cracks would keep them informed when the old man was coming.

But hens, who have a secretive tendency, a modesty of the nest, find their paradise in such a voluminous barn. Here they may lay in silence, and proclaim it in vociferous cackle,

bringing down the whole barnyard in chorus, and waking echoes in the neighboring hen yards; and yet the searcher finds nothing!

"That pesky hen! she lays every day, and yet we are none the better for her eggs. I wonder where she hides! If Harry was half as smart as his father, I know that he could find that nest."

Again and again came the exultant cackle, and again and again we were without custards!

And so, one mellow autumn day, we wandered through the garden and strolled into the barn. It was not so full but that it had the sense of great space. It was festooned with cobwebs, and had all the tribes of spiders that hide in half lights. We climbed the beams, we jumped down from far up on the hay, and finally, after sundry amusements, lay down by the side where the shrunk boards gave us an inspection-crack, from which we swept the neighborhood — saw and were unseen. Soon we heard the least possible sound of a foot on the hay. Turning our head, we beheld the productive but unprofitable hen stealing toward her secret nest. It was the one time too often. We knew as much as she did.

How rapacious are all conquerors! There was the rounded nest, well sunk in the corner, full, brimful of eggs — thirteen, besides one for a nest egg! As Oriental kings despoil a captured city, rob from a people, pull down their choice architecture and quite discrown its beauty, so we found the nest glowing white as marble, and left it — like hay.

Is there not a Providence for hens? Is there not a fate that follows the most obscure and unwatched violence?

We put the eggs safely in our coat-tail pocket, and walked cautiously. It recalled a piece of disreputable carelessness

on our father's part, who once sat down on a dozen eggs, and went up as if every egg was a bomb, and every bomb an explosion. But then he was a notoriously absent-minded man. His very example was our safety. And yet we dwelt with some inward mirth, as we walked to the house, on the ludicrous figure which our father cut. Dinner was spread as we came in. Some questions came up which diverted our thoughts from the discovery of the nest — indeed, we forgot that we had eggs about us, and drew up to the table and sat down with an alacrity which was only equalled by the spring with which we got up.

"Gracious!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!"

"Are you sick? Do let —"

I drew my hand from my pocket streaming with liquid chicken, never to be born, and the disgusting secret was out! That woman was a saint! My pockets were duly cleansed, without one cutting word. I can imagine the process, but never like to dwell upon it. Would you believe it, the same thing happened in a few weeks again? It did, and to the very same person! But never since then, no — never! From that day to this we do not remember ever to have even taken an egg.

1. When I see a man who allows himself to be puffed up and flattered, I know that his time will come when he will sit down on his eggs.

2. When I see men who are robbing, right and left, and filling their pockets with unlawful wealth which other men earned, I say, "You will sit down on those eggs yet."

3. When over-cunning men think that they can outwit all their fellows, and are exulting at the success which their shrewdness has achieved, I say to myself, "Fill your pockets! By-and-bye you will sit down on those eggs."

156. SLIDES.

1. Slides are changes of Pitch, either upward or downward, on a single note or sound. They vary in degree of elevation or depression, according to the nature of the sentiment.

2. Slides, also called inflections, should be distinguished from waves, which are sometimes termed compound slides. The slides have but one direction of movement, either upward or downward; while the waves, from the peculiar significance given certain words, by triple or double voice slides, are used to represent the utmost variety of inflection.

3. The number of degrees of pitch through which the voice slides, is dependent wholly upon the intensity of the thought that occasions the movement. A knowledge of this principle dispenses with a multiplicity of rules, many of which are of such doubtful application as to perplex more than aid the learner.

4. The pupil is reminded of the importance of Slides in rendering the sense of a passage intelligible, and he should bear in mind that a thorough understanding of their force and proper application will contribute as much to his general delivery as any element employed in expression.

5. Many teachers, appreciating the value of the slides in breaking up the monotonous drawl of some pupils, have succeeded in making passable readers by requiring the appropriate slides to be marked in the pupils' books, and insisting upon their use.

6. While this method of determining the required slide is permissible with young pupils and those untrained in the principles of elocution, its practice should not be continued beyond the mastery of the subjects of Slides and Waves.

7. The Slides are designated

157. Upward Slide and Downward Slide,

and may be represented to the eye thus:—

UPWARD SLIDE: Did he bring the book?

DOWNWARD SLIDE: He did not bring the book.

8. In the Upward Slide the voice drops momentarily on the word immediately preceding the required elevation, and then rises above the prevailing pitch one or more notes according to the intensity of the sentiment.

9. In the Downward Slide there is a slight elevation of pitch on the word immediately preceding the slide word, and then a downward movement from this note to the general key, or one or more notes below, according to the nature of the sentiment.

10. The extent of both slides depends upon the degree of emotion prompting them; but in every instance the space swept by the voice is marked by some one of the musical intervals of a major scale, viz.: a "third," "fifth" or "octave;" that is, the voice slides through an interval of three, five or eight notes.

158. UPWARD SLIDE

The Upward Slide is an elevation of voice through the concrete change of pitch.

2. The degree of elevation to which the voice rises depends upon the earnestness of the speaker.

3. A mild interrogation, indicating but little interest in the answer to be elicited, would require the slide of a *rising third;* as,

Will you go the Falls this summer?

4. Questions arising from moderate emotion, earnestness, or doubt, require a *rising fifth;* as,

Will he condemn his own brother?
Did he die on the field of battle?
Can he leave me thus in doubt?

5. Exclamations and interrogations of intense surprise, violent agitation, and overwhelming astonishment, require the *rising octave;* as,

He did this?
What, looked he frowningly?
Seems, madame?
Nay, it is; I know not seems!
Saw who?
My lord, the king, your father.
The king? My father?

159. DOWNWARD SLIDE

1. The Downward Slide is a downward movement of voice through the concrete change of pitch.

2. The degree of depression to which the voice slides depends upon the completeness, exactness, or definiteness of the thought in the speaker's mind.

3. A general statement of facts where no contradiction is anticipated requires a Downward Slide of the third; as,

Honesty will be rewarded.

4. Statements implying a settled determination and a confidence in the speaker's ability to perform what he proposes, require a Downward Slide of the fifth; as,

I am determined to go.
What I purpose that I perform.
You can depend upon my promise.

5. Expressions of strong emotion, such as *unquestioned authority*, *denunciation*, and *hatred*, require the Downward Slide of the octave; as,

Begone! Away with you!
Woe unto you Pharisees! Woe unto you Scribes?
The furies curse you.
Poison be their drink.
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they eat.

160. General Rules for the Use of Both Slides.

Upward Slide. The Upward Slide, with degrees of elevation varying with the intensity of thought, is employed upon the accented syllable of those words used singly, in phrases or sentences denoting (1) incompleteness of thought, (2) indifference, (3) uncertainty, (4) doubt, (5) contingency, and (6) negation; as,

1. We came over this morning to—
2. He can take his choice'.
3. The task seems difficult'.
4. What if we are opposed in our plans'?
5. Though he sla'y me, I shall love him.
6. I do not doubt your word'.

161. DOWNWARD SLIDE.

The Downward Slide, with degrees of depression corresponding to the intensity of thought, is employed upon the accented syllable of those words used singly, in phrases or in sentences denoting (1) completeness of thought, (2) determination, (3) certainty, (4) positive and decisive declaration, (5) emphatic exclamation; as,

1. Garfield was mourned by many na'tions.
2. We shall attack the fort at su'nrise.
3. I know that my Redeemer liv'eth.
4. Thine eyes shall see the truth of what I sa'y.
5. I dare' accusation! I defy' the honorable gentleman.

162. Specific Rules for the Slides.

Although the general rules will be sufficient for the determination of the appropriate Slide in most cases, yet sentences frequently occur in which the application of the principles is not apparent. The following specific rules will render the selection of the proper Slide simple for the youngest pupil: —

Rule I.

Questions seeking the answer *yes or no* (the speaker

not knowing which) receive the *Upward Slide*, and their answers, generally, the *Downward Slide;* as,

Will you meet me at the hotel˙? Yes˙.

NOTE. — The answer might have been given, "Yes˙,— I guess so˙," if the individual addressed was indifferent about going.

RULE II.

Questions seeking the answer *yes or no* (the speaker knowing which) receive the *Downward Slide*, and their answers, generally, the same ; as,

Is not that a magnificent tree˛? Yes˛.
Haven't I *treated* you as a *gen˛tleman?* Yes˛.
Did I ever *wrong* you? No˛.

RULE III.

Questions which cannot be answered by *yes or no* receive the *Downward Slide*, and their answers the same ; as,

When did you arri˙ve? Yes˙terday.

NOTE. — If the question asks for a repetition of an answer not understood, the emphasis on "when" will change the Slide ; as,

When did you say˙?

If, however, the question receives no answer, and is repeated, the Slide not only remains the same, but passes downward through another interval ; as,

When did you *arri˙ve?*

Rule IV.

A completion of sense contained in a phrase or a clause, whether at the close of a sentence or not, requires the Downward Slide; as,

"And *everywhere* it is a thing of beau'ty — gleaming in the dew'-drop; singing in the summer ra'in; shining in the i'ce-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jew'els — whose warp is the rain-drop of earth', whose woof is the sun-beam of heav'en, all checked over the celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refrac'tion."

Rule V.

Words expressing a contrast have opposite Slides; usually the first word receives the Upward and the second, the Downward Slide; as,

I have experienced plea'sure and pai'n, joy' and sorro'w, and I know the uncertainties of life.

Note. — When one side of the contrast is affirmed and the other denied, the latter has the Upward and the former the Downward Slide, regardless of the order in which they occur; as,

I am here to act', not to ta'lk.

Rule VI.

Words expressing *pity*, *kindness*, *gentle reproof*, *entreaty* and *tender emotions*, usually require the Upward Slide of the third; as,

Poor little chi'ld! how she suffers'.
O Jo'hn! Do come away'.

Is your *fa'ther* well', *the old man* of whom ye spa'ke? Is *he'* yet aliv'e?

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163. WAVES.

1. The Wave, sometimes termed circumflex, from the twisting motion of the tone in passing over the vowels, is a compound movement of voice on a single syllable, word, or sentence.

2. The number and character of waves are as indefinite as human sentiments, emotions, and passions. Hence, no rule for their exact application can be given beyond the

164. GENERAL LAW OF USE.

The Waves are employed to express *contrast*, or *comparison*, *double meaning*, *insinuation*, *wit*, *jest*, *drollery*, *irony*, *sarcasm*, *sneer* and *contempt*.

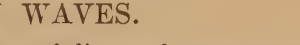
EXERCISES IN WAVES.

1. The student will study carefully each sentence and endeavor to apply the waves in the manner indicated by the diagram following it.

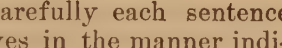
2. To secure facility in expression, the student should concentrate his mental powers upon all the conditions surrounding the supposed speaker of these sentences.

NOTE. — The breaks in the diagrams mark the different words.

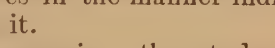
1. AFFECTATION: *I am so fatigued.*



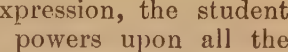
2. ANXIETY: *Where can he be?*



3. GAYETY: *Merrily they sing.*



4. LAUGHTER, MIRTH: *You're a happy dog!*



5. SURPRISE: *What! the King's wife! the Queen!*[1]

6. CONTEMPT: *You may keep your money.*

7. RAGE: *I hate him!*

8. GRIEF: *Oh, my son! my son!*

9. SNEERING: *Smile on, my lords!*

10. TRIUMPH: *Shout freedom!*

11. IRONY: *Brutus is an honorable man.*

12. INTENSE IRONY: *They are all honorable men.*

NOTE. — The exercises following afford an excellent practice in securing flexibility of voice, and much time and study may profitably be given to the various Slides which the sentiments require.

Examples: —

NOTE. — The words in Italics receive the Wave.

1. Ah, it was *you* then that struck me!
2. I did not think that *he* would do it.
3. What's in a *name?* That which we call a *rose*, By any *other* name would smell as *sweet*.
4. Yet this is *Rome*, and *we* are *Romans*.
5. I did not give a *dollar*.
6. I did not give a *dollar*.

[Repeat the fifth and sixth sentences so as to express different meanings.]

7. If Caudle says *so*, then all must believe it, of *course*.

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[1] The skip from "wife" to "queen" is a discrete movement.

8. Hath a *dog* money? Is it *possible*
A cur can lend three thousand *ducats?*

9. A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a *drunkard*, is in danger of losing his health and character.

[NOTE. — Read the above in such a manner as to render the man's becoming a drunkard necessary to preserve his health, and then read it as the speaker probably intended it should be understood.]

10. A *second* Daniel, a *Daniel*, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have *thee* on the hip,
A *Daniel* still I say; a *second* Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

11. Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious*,
And Brutus is an *honorable* man.

12. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious*,
And, sure, he is an *honorable* man.

13. And this man is now become a *god!*

14. *Rich* in some dozen paltry *villages!*
Strong in a hundred *spearmen!*
Only *great* in that strange spell, —
A *name.*

15. My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you *mad?*
My father, sir, did never *stoop* so low, —
He was a *gentleman*, I'd have you know.

16. What! shear a *wolf?* a prowling *wolf?*

17. The dog would have died if they hadn't cut off his head.

165. MELODY.

1. Melody (*Gr. sweet song*) is a succession of pleasing tones having but a limited compass above or below the initial note.

2. Melody is one of the most valuable elements the speaker may employ in attracting and retaining the attention of an audience.

3. The element is employed in those rhythmical compositions, whether prose or poetry, expressing *pathos*, *tranquil pleasure*, and *peaceful repose*.

4. To cultivate melodious tones, practice frequently upon such words as *calm*, *name*, *mine*, *thine*, *wailing*, *gone*, *moaning*, *mound*, *home*, *throne*, *wandering*, etc., with pure tone, subdued force, median stress, and long quantity, imparting to your utterance a rich musical intonation.

1.

["The Bells." — *Edgar A. Poe.*]

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

2.

["Those Evening Bells." — *Thomas Moore.*]

Those evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone:
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

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166. SLUR.

1. Slur is a smooth, rapid, subdued movement of voice over certain words, phrases and clauses of less importance than others with which they stand associated.

2. The object of Slur is to bring out the principal thought of a passage as contained in the *leading* clause

by a subdued force and rapid movement over the *subordinate*, or *auxiliary* clauses.

167. LAW OF USE.

The Slur is applied to passages expressing *contrast*, *repetition*, *explanation*, *modifications of persons*, *things*, *time*, *place*, *cause*, *manner* and *degree*, and all *parenthetical expressions*.

168. Examples: —

[The Slurred passages are printed in Italic letters and should be read more rapidly and with lower pitch and less force than the rest.]

1. The Assyrian came down *like a wolf on the fold.*

2. It is a common thing, *in speaking of the sea*, to call it "a waste of waters."

3. If, *like a desert itself*, the ocean makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom *as a rose*, it ought not to be termed a waste.

4. That boy was well trained who *when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see*, replied, "Yes, there was somebody; I was there to see myself, and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing."

5. Bring into subjection *while the task is easy*, all the powers God has given you.

6. I see you have trudged half a score of miles today, and, *like a wise man*, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs.

7. As to common things (*geography*, *history*, *phi-*

losophy, and all that), thank my stars, I have got through with them all!

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169. EMPHASIS.

1. Emphasis is that peculiar utterance of words, phrases and clauses which renders them especially prominent or significant.

2. The importance of Emphasis in determining the meaning of a sentence may be inferred from an examination of the following sentence, which by placing the Emphasis upon the marked words, is capable of expressing six different meanings: —

1. *John* did not say you bought that book; *Henry* said so.

2. John did not *say* you bought that book; he *wrote* it.

3. John did not say *you* bought that book; but that your *sister* bought it.

4. John did not say you *bought* that book; but that you *found* it.

5. John did not say you bought *that* book; but *this* book.

6. John did not say you bought that *book;* it was your *slate*.

The following anecdote, related by Sheridan in his "Art of Speaking," will illustrate the value of a knowledge of the principles of Emphasis to those occupying public positions: —

"A clergyman's curate, having occasion to read in the church our Savior's sayings to the disciples, Luke xxiv: 26,

"Oh, *fools*, and *slow of heart* [that is, *backward*] to believe all that the prophets have written of me!" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe;* as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault, when he read it next, he placed the emphasis upon *all;* as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets;* as if the *prophets* had been persons in *no respect* worthy of belief."

3. Emphasis is effected by a change of Quality, Force, Stress, Pitch or Movement, or by a combination of two or more of these elements.

4. Perfect command of every variety of Emphasis depends upon an accurate perception of the sentiment and its relation to and connection with every other thought with which it is associated, and skill in the control of all the elements of vocal expression previously explained.

5. The most common method of applying Emphasis is by an increase of Force, but that is by no means the only method. Pupils should guard against its use where it would not be indicated by the sentiment. Many instructors teach their pupils that "Emphasis is an increase of Force." It is not always an *increase* of Force. The etymology of the word signifies "to show," "to indicate;" and it is observed, even among illiterate persons, that special prominence or peculiar significance is given to words by other elements than Force. In our conversation, while under the influence of natural impulses, we employ such variety of Em-

phasis as is appropriate to the thought we express. It is in our reading, performed according to the mechanical and erroneous teachings of our youth, that we lay on the force, stroke upon stroke, regardless of the nature of the sentiment we are endeavoring to express.

170. LAW OF USE.

Emphasis, effected by the use of that *Element* indicated by the sentiment, is employed to *intensify* the meaning of important words and phrases, to express *contrast* and in *repetition*.

171. EMPHASIS OF QUALITY.

1. Emphasis of Quality is a change in the utterance of certain words from the general Quality of the sentiment.

2. The Quality employed in giving the Emphasis depends upon the nature of the peculiar thought that occasions the emphasis. The change is usually made from the Normal to one, or a combination of several of the Abnormal Qualities.

172. Examples : —

1. I *hate* him, for he is a Christian.
2. Give me liberty or give me *death*.
3. I repeat it, sir, the charge is *false*.
4. Whence and what art thou, *execrable* shape?
5. Quoth the raven, "*Nevermore*."
6. Let that plebeian *talk;* 'tis not my trade.
7. The guide, turning quickly, cried out, "*Hush!*"
8. Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come! they *come*!"

173. EMPHASIS OF FORCE.

Emphasis of Force is an increase or a decrease of force on individual words from that which prevails in the sentence.

174. Examples: —

1. I said *up*, not down.
2. Why do you call him *our* friend?
3. Is it so *nominated* in the bond?
4. Whence, then, *cometh* wisdom?
5. But on the way it burst, it fell; and lo!
   A skeleton! (a decrease of force.)

175. EMPHASIS OF STRESS.

Emphasis of Stress is a change in the intensity of the prevailing stress, or the substitution of some other stress which is appropriate to the thought to be emphasized.

176. Examples: —

1. I see I am not *cut out* to be a good wife.
2. On what compulsion *must* I? Tell me *that*.
3. It is not so *expressed;* but what of *that?*
   'Twere good you do so much in *charity*.
4. *Back* to thy punishment, false fugitive.
5. Ah, why should *we* in the world's riper years,
   Neglect God's ancient sanctuaries?
6. 'Tis said his arrows never miss!
   Indeed! I'll take *exquisite* vengeance.
7. *Ecstasy!* My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time.

177. EMPHASIS OF PITCH.

Emphasis of Pitch is an elevation or depression of voice on those words that express sudden fright or joy, sadness, or dejection.

178. Examples: —

1. Then the shout was heard before our door, "*Fire! fire! fire!*"
2. It *snows!* cries the school-boy, "*Hurrah!*" and his shout
   Is ringing through parlor and hall.
3. Read on her urn, "*A broken heart.*"
   This tells her tale. (lowering of pitch.)

179. EMPHASIS OF MOVEMENT.

Emphasis of Movement is an increase or a decrease in the prevailing rate of Movement.

180. Examples: —

1. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, — *trippingly* on the tongue.
2. "Cyrus Drew!"— *then a silence fell* —
   This time no answer followed the call.
3. There, on a snow-white couch,
   Lay his two sons, *pale*, *pale*, and motionless.

THE PURPOSES OF EMPHASIS.

The object of the speaker in the application of emphasis may be to bring out the importance of a single word, to contrast one word with another, or to present a succession of ideas in the order of a climax.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

Absolute Emphasis makes prominent the leading idea of sentences without contrast; as —

1. A full *purse* never lacks friends.
2. *Idleness* is the parent of want and shame
3. The *offender* never pardons.
4. *Humility* is the foundation of all virtue.

ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

Antithetic Emphasis expresses a contrast or relation of two or more ideas; as —

1. Deliberate *slowly;* act *promptly.*
2. *Example* teaches more than *precept.*
3. When drink *enters*, wisdom *departs.*
4. I fear not *death;* and shall I fear *thee?*

CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

Cumulative Emphasis is a succession of emphatic words, each having its peculiar style of emphasis more marked than the preceding; as —

1. You call me *misbeliever*, — CUT-THROAT — DOG.
2. *Nearer*, CLEARER, DEADLIER than before.
3. "*Forward*, the LIGHT BRIGADE!
   CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!" he said.

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181. PAUSES.

1. Pauses are temporary suspensions of the voice between words, phrases and sentences.

2. Pauses are used for the purpose of indicating the syntactical structure of sentences, thus serving as a guide to the author's meaning; or to give intensity, vividness, clearness, embellishment, or impressiveness to

the words between which they occur. The former are called Grammatical Pauses, the latter, Rhetorical Pauses.

3. The Grammatical Pauses, as the comma, semicolon, colon and period, although used in determining the *relative closeness* of connection of words with each other in thought, have no *absolute* length of time: a *period* may represent the time occupied in uttering one syllable, or it may represent the time of a dozen syllables, according to the nature of the thought in which it is used. The period in "The Isle of Long Ago," or "The Closing Year," would require twice or thrice the pause required by the same mark in "Sheridan's Ride" or the first stanza of "The Bells"

4. The reader determines the meaning of a passage by the grammatical pauses and applies the rhetorical pause according to the nature of the sentiment which the words express. There will be many more pauses than punctuation marks, so that while these should be consulted to know the sense of the passage, they must not determine or even locate the pauses. In the sentence, "No, sir, there is none," any pause between "no" and "sir" would be improper, while the pause after "sir" is of indefinite length, according to the circumstances attending the utterance of the sentence.

5. Frequent and appropriate pauses are essential to good reading and speaking. They rouse and rivet the attention by giving a freshness and originality to con-

tinued utterance that cannot be secured in any other manner.

6. Definite Rules for pauses cannot be given, for the reason that the influence of time, place, and circumstance is so varied that few rules could be made applicable by the pupil.

7. The following comprehensive rule will guide the intelligent learner in using the proper Pauses.

182. General Rule.

Ordinary conversation employed in description, narration, and didactic thought require moderate pauses; lively, joyous, and excited emotions, very short pauses; while the language of solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, and reflective thought usually demand long, and sometimes very long pauses. Impassioned discourse requires long or short pauses, according to the rapidity or intensity of the thought.

183. Examples: GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

Short Pauses.

75.

[The Sergeant's Story of the Light Brigade.]

A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, the following graphic picture of the charge: —

"Lord Cardigan's eye glanced us over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said: —

"'My men, we have received orders to silence that battery?'

"'God save us!' my brother ejaculated. Then grasping my hand, he said:—

"'Fred, my dear fellow, good-bye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me—'

"What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of—

"'Charge!'

"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"We went in at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter into a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead riding as steadily as if he was on parade. Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, 'This is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said:—

"'There goes the first!'

"The first was Lord Lucan's aid-de-camp, Captain Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon-ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke.

"My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharpshooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell and tore through our squadrons, mangling men and horses, plowing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left

me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed, and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit, and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy, dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell plowed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; anon a ricochetting shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our centre and hewed its way to the rear making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men bareheaded, and splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

"INTO THE GATES OF HELL.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the centre of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners. Well would it have been for them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire

with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind sabring the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them live to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade — an army it was — of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them as men hew through a virgin forest, and only stopped when we reached the bank of the Tehernaya River.

"Wheeling here, we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry: —

"'Ah! you would, would you?' and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

"We cut our way through and once more entered the fatal valley. When half way back to our starting point a cannon shot struck my brother and beheaded him. 'Tom, ah, thank you!'

'The color-sergeant drained another glass.

"When we formed up on arriving at our starting point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said:

"'It was not my fault, my men.'

"And the men replied with one voice: —

"'We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us.'

"Just then I became dizzy. My scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian's sabre, the skin of my cheek cleft across to my upper lip, and I fainted from loss of blood.

"When my time expired in the cavalry I re-enlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the six hundred, but—poor Jack! fill that glass again, Tom."

Thus ended the sergeant's story of the famous charge.

Solemnity.

Moderate and Long Pauses.

76.

[From James G. Blaine's Oration on Garfield.]

GARFIELD.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death — and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relin-

quishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell — what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rendering of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy.

Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great nation bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for

healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

184. LONG PAUSES.

For examples of Long Pauses, see following selections: "Hamlet's Soliloquy," "Break, Break, Break," and "Immortality of the Soul"

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185. CADENCE.

1. Cadence is a gradual elevation of pitch and increase of force on the third or fourth syllable preceding the last one of a sentence, followed by a lowering of the voice in the discrete or concrete movement two or more notes below the prevailing pitch of the sentiment; as,

1. Say nothing that you would be ashamed
to hear
a-gain.

2. One to-day is better than ten to-morrows.

3. We must wait for the future, and enjoy or bear the pres-ent.

4. The true American patriot is ever a wor-ship-er.

186. GENERAL LAW OF USE.

The intervals through which voice passes in changing the pitch from that which prevails in the upward and downward slide, will depend upon the character of the sentiment; tranquil thoughts have but slight and gradual elevation and depression, while the Cadence in violent or intense emotions is abrupt and sweeps through a greater interval of pitch.

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187. CLIMAX.

1. The term Climax as used in Elocution is the proper management of all the elements of vocal expression, so as to render correctly and effectively the thought contained in the rhetorical figure known by that name.

2. A sentence containing a Climax is so arranged that each idea rises in importance, force or dignity above that which precedes it. The most forcible periods that have come to us from ancient orators and writers are constructed in this order. The writings of Quintilian, Demosthenes and Cicero abound in this beautiful figure.

3. Sometimes the order of arrangement is reversed, when the figure is called Anti-Climax.

4. The reading of each kind of sentence requires the application of the appropriate element indicated by the sentiment. The changes in the Climax will usually be in the following order: From a Normal to an Abnormal Quality, from Moderate to Full Force, from Middle to High Pitch, and from a Slow or Moderate to a Rapid Movement. The Stress will depend upon the prevailing character of the sentiment. In the Anti-Climax, the order of changes will be reversed.

189. Examples: CLIMAX.

1. "In my affection to my country, you find me ever firm and invariable. Not the solemn demand of my per`son; not the vengeance of the Amphictyonic Council, which they denoun`ced against me; not the terror of their threat`enings; not the flattery of their pro`mises; no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches, whom they roused like wild beasts aga'inst me, could ever tear this affection from my breast`."

2. If I were an Ame`rican, as I am an En`glishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country I ne`ver would lay down my arms; no`, *ne`ver*, NE`VER, NE`VER.

3. And Dou'glas, mo`re, I tell thee here;
He're, in thy pitch of pri`de;
Here, in thy ho`ld, thy vassals nea`r;
I tell thee thou'rt *defi`ed.*

189. ANTI-CLIMAX.

1. "What must the king do now,? Must he submit'?

time, patience and perseverance, the pupil is assured that all these without the application of careful thought, will secure only indifferent success.

191. Examples. —

The following selection contains a great many varieties of elements, and its frequent reading and careful study, to master the sudden transitions, will repay the pupil more than the reading of a dozen pages of additional suggestions upon modulation.

192. General Direction.

Ascertain by a careful reading the sentiment of each sentence, and then apply the appropriate element, and your reading will be correct.

IMPERSONATION.

77.

["Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning." — *Mark Twain.*]

Well, sir, — continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk, — the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man.

It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be *reasóned* with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in

my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said: —

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how *can* one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer — you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to —

"I'm sorry, dear — I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and" —

"MORTIMER!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

'Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet!"

'Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some *little* care of your life, for *my* sake and the children's if you will not for your own."

"But my love" —

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You *know* there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder-storm as this, — all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life, — for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing, and" —

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm *not* in the bed *now*. I'm" —

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, fol-

lowed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! you see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how *can* you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I *didn't* swear. And that *wasn't* a result of it, anyway. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline, — at least you ought to know, — that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity" —

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! — I don't see how you can act so, when you *know* there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What *are* you doing? — lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and" —

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all! You *know* there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [*Fzt! — crash! boom — boloom-boom-boom!*] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

"No, I *don't* see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't *cause* lightning, — I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was levelled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship, — about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that" —

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to — Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I — I — meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and" —

[*Fzt!—boom-berroom-boom! bumble-umble bang*—SMASH!]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How *could* you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it *wasn't* 'such a time as this.' There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could *I* know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, anyway, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

"MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll *stand* the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed" —

[*Fzt!* — BOOM *beroom*-boom! boom! — BANG!]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I *know* it struck something, Mortimer; we never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language — *Mortimer!*"

"WELL! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if — Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you *know* that

there is no bètter conductor of lightning than an open chimney? *Now* where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day! Mortimer?"

"Yes?"

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that woollen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, *don't* sing! What can you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and — What on earth are you opening that door for?"

"Good gracious, woman, is there any harm in *that?*"

"*Harm?* There's *death* in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You havn't half shut it; shut it *tight*, — and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what *are* you doing."

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that — Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a — it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril! Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here, — come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out:

"Mortimer, something *must* be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantle-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book — at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out: —

"Mortimer, what was that?'

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are *full* of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task, — over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges, — and at last I got kitty cooped up, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet: —

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [*Ftz! — boom — bang! smash!*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four — broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says 'Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals *about* you, or keep them *away* from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I

think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals *about* you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on, — a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

I did it, — in silence, — and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter läuten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Läuten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen könnten.' Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that, — if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think that it means that on account of the height of the church-tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefährlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording" —

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in

the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on the top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm houses are in the neighborhood, — the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry: —

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said: —

"There is nothing the matter, friends, — only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning.

"Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for awhile. Then I said: —

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh, — and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked: —

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over

to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: OUR *man's* nominated, — and that's what's the matter."

CONVERSATIONAL STYLE.

["Mrs. Caudle Urging the Need of Spring Clothing." — *Douglas William Jerrold.*]

1. If there's anything in the world I hate — and you know it — it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times — and I do, the more shame for you to let me!

2. "What do I want now?" As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing — never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

3. What do you say? "If it's painful, why so often do it!" I suppose you call that a joke — one of your club jokes. As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

4. Now, Caudle, you hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church today? — like nobody else's children!

5. "What was the matter with them?" Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets?

6. What do you say? "What of it?" What! You'll tell me that you did't see how the Briggs girls

in their new chips turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"

7. "You didn't see it?" The more shame for you! I'm sure those Briggs girls — the little minxes! — put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

8. What do you say? "I ought to be ashamed to own it?" Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind — they sha'n't; and there's an end of it!

9. "I'm always wanting money for clothes?" How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it — the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

10. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you will give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

11. "How much money do I want?" Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and—

12. What do you say? "I needn't count 'em! You know how many there are!" That's just the way you take me up!

13. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see — I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things look like new pins. I know

that, Caudle; and, though I say it — bless their little hearts! — they do credit to you, Caudle.

14. "How much?" Now don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching — and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can — I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

15. What did you say? "Twenty fiddle-sticks?"

16. What! "You won't give half the money!" Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care. Let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

17. What do you say? "Ten pounds enough?" Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

18. "They only want frocks and bonnets?" How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you — no, sir!

19. No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths — and their father don't make

the money you do, Caudle — when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any, or not a farthing.

20. No, sir — no! I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

21. What do you say? "You'll give me fifteen pounds?" No, Caudle — no! Not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do!

78.

["The Inquisitive Man." — *Poole.*]

Doubledot. Here comes Mr. Paul Pry! I wish he was further. He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs. He doesn't scruple to question you about your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about the loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter. But I'll soon get rid of him. (Enter PRY.)

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doub. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say "Pretty well, thank you."

Pry. Well, since you're busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doub. Then you may as well now drop out again. The London coach will be in presently, and —

Pry. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doub. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be idle.

Doub. Useful occupation, truly!

Pry. I always see it go out. Have done so these ten years.

Doub. (*Aside.*) Tiresome blockhead! (*Aloud.*) Well, good-morning to you.

Pry. Good-morning, Mr. Doubledot. Your house doesn't appear to be very full just now.

Doub. No, no; and I wish it wasn't as full as it is.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent, eh? I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when Christmas comes round?

Doub. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. Oh, nothing; only some folks have the luck of it. They have just taken in a nobleman's family at the Green Dragon.

Doub. What! What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon?

Pry. Traveling-carriage and four. Three servants on the dicky, and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow. 'Tis no fault of mine the nabob is not here.

Doub. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage as it was coming down hill, brought it to a dead

stop, and said that if his lordship — I took him for a lord, at first — that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he couldn't do better than go to Doubledot's.

Doub. Well, and what then?

Pry. Well — would you believe it? — out pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage window, and the owner of it says, "You're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go to Doubledot's if there's another inn to be found within ten miles of it!"

Doub. There! that comes of your stupid meddling! If you hadn't interferred, I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon. What business was it of yours, I should like to know?.

Pry. I'm very sorry, but I did it for the best.

Doub. Did it for the best, indeed! You meddling booby! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I *must* go. Good-morning. (*Goes.*)

Doub. I'm rid of him at last, thank fortune! (PRY *re-enters.*) Well, aren't you gone? What now?

Pry. I've dropped one of my gloves. No! Now, that's very odd — here it is in my hand all the time.

Doub. Oh, get out of my way.

Pry. Come, that's civil. If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable; but — Hullo! there's the post-man! I wonder whether the Parkin's have got letters again to-day? They have had letters every day this week, and I can't, for the life of me, think what they can be about. (*Runs off and returns.*) Dear me I was going off without my umbrella. (*Exit* PRY.)

Doub. That fellow will be ducked in a horse-pond some day if he doesn't look out.

79.

["Scott and his Dogs."—*Irving.*]

After my return from Melrose Abbey, Scott proposed a ramble, to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old and well-known stag-hound, Maida, a noble animal, and a great favorite of Scott's, and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster who had not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter with soft silken hair, long pendant ears and a mild eye, the parlor favorite.

When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them as if rational companions, and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him.

Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears and endeavor to tease him into a frolic.

The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them and tumble him in the

dust; then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities.

"I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: 'Have done with your nonsense, youngsters! what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

While we were discussing the humors and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry, but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds and join in the chorus with a deep-mouthed bow-wow! It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would censure or applaud.

"Ay, ay, old boy," cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida," continued he, "is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first, but when it does go off, it does great mischief."

These simple anecdotes may serve to show the delightful play of Scott's humors and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends; everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance; the face of the humblest dependent brightened at his approach, as if he anticipated a cordial and cheering word.

80.

["My Uncle Peter." — *George Macdonald.*]

I will tell you the story of my Uncle Peter, who was born on Christmas day. The first remembrance that I have of him is his taking me one Christmas eve to the largest toy-shop in London, and telling me to choose any toy whatever that I pleased. He little knew the agony of embarrassment into which this request of his threw his astonished nephew. I wandered about, staring like a distracted ghost at the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind" displayed about me. Uncle Peter followed me with perfect patience; nay, I believe, with a delight that equalled my perplexity, for every now and then, when I looked round to him with a silent appeal for sympathy in the distressing dilemma into which he had thrown me, I found him rubbing his hands and spiritually chuckling over his victim. How long I was in making up my mind I cannot tell, but as I look back upon this splendor of my childhood, I feel as if I must have wandered for weeks through interminable forest-alleys of toy-bearing trees.

Uncle Peter was a little round man, and to look at him you could not have fancied a face or a figure with less of the romantic about them, yet I believe that the whole region of his brain was held in fee-simple — whatever that may mean — by a race of fairy architects who built aërial castles therein, regardless of expense. His imagination was the most distinguishing feature of his character, and to hear him defend any of his extravagances, it would appear that he considered himself especially privileged in that respect. "Ah, my dear," he would say to my mother, when she expostulated with him on making some present far beyond the small means he at that time possessed — "ah, my dear, you see I was

born on Christmas day." I do not think he had more than a hundred pounds a year, and he must have been five and thirty, but Uncle Peter lived in constant hope and expectation of some unexampled good luck befalling him; "For," said he, "I was born on Christmas day."

He was never married. When people ventured to jest with him about being an old bachelor, he used to smile, for anything would make him smile, but he never said anything on the subject, and not even my mother knew whether he had any love-story or not. I have often wondered whether his goodness might not have come in part from his having lost some one very dear to him, and having his life on earth purified by the thoughts of her life in heaven. But I never found out. The lucky fortune which Uncle Peter had anticipated came at last. A cousin of whom he had heard little for a great many years, although they had been warm friends while at school together, died in India and left him a large estate. But before the legacy was paid to Uncle Peter, he went through a good many of the tortures which result from being "a king and no king." At length, after much skirmishing with the lawyers, he succeeded in getting a thousand pounds on Christmas eve.

"NOW!" said Uncle Peter, in enormous capitals. That night a thundering knock was heard at our door. We were all sitting in our little dining-room — father, mother and seven children of us — talking about what we should prepare for the next day. The door opened, and in came the most grotesque figure you could imagine. It was seven feet high at least, without any head, a mere walking tree-stump, as far as shape went, only it looked soft. The little ones were terrified, but not the big ones of us, for from top to toe (if it had a toe) it was covered with toys of every conceivable description, fastened on to it somehow or other. It was a

perfect treasure-cave of Ali Baba turned inside out. We shrieked with delight. The figure stood perfectly still, and we gathered round it in a group to have a nearer view of the wonder.

We then discovered that on all the articles there were tickets, which we supposed at first to record the price of each. But, upon still closer examination, we discovered that every one of the tickets had one or other of our names upon it. This caused a fresh explosion of joy. Nor was it the children only that were remembered. A little box bore my mother's name. When she opened it, we saw a real gold watch and chain, and seals and dangles of every sort, of useful and useless kind, and my mother's initials were on the watch. My father had a silver flute, and to the music of it we had such a dance, the strange figure, now considerably lighter, joining in it without uttering a word.

During the dance one of my sisters, a very sharp-eyed puss, espied about halfway up the monster two bright eyes looking out of a shadowy depth of something like the skirts of a great coat. She peeped and peeped, and at length, with a perfect scream of exultation, cried out, "It's Uncle Peter! It's Uncle Peter!" The music ceased, the dance was forgotten; we flew upon him like a pack of hungry wolves; we tore him to the ground, despoiled him of coats and plaids and elevating sticks, and discovered the kernel of the beneficient monster in the person of real Uncle Peter; which, after all, was the best present he could have brought us on Christmas eve, for we had been very dull for want of him, and had been wondering why he did not come.

AMERICA.— *Bishop Berkeley.*— 1728.

1. The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

2. In happy climes where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pendantry of courts and schools:

4. There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

5. Not such as Europe needs in her decay:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

6. Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:—
Time's noblest offspring is the last!

PART IV.

196. ACTION.

1. Action includes all those positions and motions of the head, face, arms, hands, body and feet employed in reading and speaking.

2. Action accompanies speech for the purpose of illustration, by showing manner, means, direction, time, place or degree, and to emphasize expressions of opinion and emotion.

3. The power of graceful, natural and suitable Action in adding beauty, precision and force to the speaker's words is marvellous, and should receive the earnest attention of all who aspire to the highest success in oratory.

4. Appropriate Action is most readily learned from an accomplished master of the art ; but the student may by a careful study of the various moods of nature and the corresponding movements by which those moods are manifested, attain through frequent practice a creditable degree of proficiency in this department of Elocution.

5. Following the plan laid down in the preceding parts of our subject, we go at once to Nature and en-

deavor to apply her teachings to our expression. Here, in the happy warbling of the birds, the gentle waving of the leafy branch, and the long undulating swell of the peaceful ocean, we behold the unmistakable manifestations of tranquillity and peace. All her motions now are gentle, graceful and joyously sublime. But Nature does not *always* wear this peaceful aspect; clouds gather in the heavens, the swift, dark tempest sweeps the earth with maddened fury, uprooting trees and deluging the land, while the crashing thunderbolts strike terror and death in the abodes of man. The direct blast of the raging storm and the zigzag and forked streaks of lightning are all in keeping with the wrathful shrieks that accompany them. Here, then, we deduce our principles of vocal and bodily expression.

6. The requisites of Action, as it applies to Elocution, are Grace, Variety, Simplicity, Boldness, Energy, Precision and Propriety, which must all be in harmony with the accompanying sentiment in time and application.

7. From the source of Action, we find that as in vocal expression, we have certain elements expressive of each peculiar thought and emotion; hence, we have Quality, Force, Stress, Pitch and Movement of Action.

8. Action comprises POSITION, MOVEMENT, GESTURE and FACIAL EXPRESSION.

197. POSITION.

The impression made by a reader or speaker as he steps upon the platform and takes his position is of great importance. If his walk be irregular, halting or haughty, and the position assumed be ungraceful and betray uneasiness or a want of proper respect for his auditors, his performance must contain much merit to overcome the prejudice he has already excited in his audience. On the other hand, a firm, elastic step, followed by a graceful attitude that occasions no unfavorable impressions, wins commendation at the start; and his hearers become sympathetic and approving from the beginning.

198. Positions of the Feet.

Stand erect with the shoulders well thrown back, the chest full and slightly elevated. Support the body mainly on one foot, the other lightly touching and advanced from three to six inches. The angle formed by the feet while in this position, should be a little less than a right angle, say eighty degrees.

199. The four positions.

I. Unemotional

Fig. 1.

FIRST POSITION.

Support the weight of the body on the *left* foot. Advance the *right* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees, and in such a position that the *right* heel is from three to six inches in front of the hollow of the *left* foot.

FIRST POSITION.

Fig. 2.

SECOND POSITION.

SECOND POSITION.

Support the weight of the body on the *right* foot. Advance the *left* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees, and in such a position that the *left* heel is from three to six inches in front of the hollow of the *right* foot.

II. Emotional.

Fig. 3.

THIRD POSITION—EMOTIONAL.

THIRD POSITION.

From either the first or second positions move the *right* foot obliquely forward a short step at same angle the feet before described. Support the body on the *right* foot and turn the *left* so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *left* heel slightly, and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the toe of the *left* foot.

Fig. 4.

FOURTH POSITION—EMOTIONAL.

FOURTH POSITION.

From either the first or second positions move the *left* foot obliquely forward a short step at same angle the feet before described. Support the body on the *left* foot and turn the *right* so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *right* heel slightly

and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the toe of the *right* foot.

200. Changes of Position.

In the delivery of unemotional thought there should be few changes, and all movements should be performed within a limited space. In the expression of emotional thought and heated passion, change of position, and greater freedom of movement are permissible; yet even here, the speaker must confine himself within the bounds of propriety. The impetuous, headlong, and boisterous plunges up and down the platform suggest not strength and vigorous emotion under the control of a powerful reserve force, but ungovernable weakness and instability. Never move until the *occasion* impels you to do so, and you will not go far astray.

201. Position of the Head.

The head is presumed to guide the motions of the body, and should be so held as to command the respect of an audience. Its various positions foreshadow the thought before it is expressed. An erect position of the head suggests confidence, dignity and honor; thrown back, humor, pride or vanity; inclined forward, humility and grief; inclined aside, languor; while a tossing motion implies contempt and anger.

202. Expression of the Eyes.

The eyes are particularly expressive of emotion. It is here the mysterious workings and changes of mind are imaged forth in unmistakable language. In

reading turn your eyes from the book to your hearers as frequently as possible; this secures attention and often supplies the place of appropriate gesture. In speaking or recitation look into the eyes of your audience, not at the walls, nor assume that vacant stare which masses the people into so many inanimate objects. In personation look in the direction of the person to whom you are supposed to be speaking, and *not* at the audience. At all times keep your eyes *open*, have a purpose in them, and not an undecided expression of uncertainty.

203. The Arms.

When not employed in gesture the arms should hang gracefully by the sides or one may be placed at the waist, as represented in the figures 1 and 2.

204. Position of the Hands.

1. The various positions assumed by the hand are highly significant, and should be thoughtfully studied.

2. In repose the hands should be a model of grace; the forefinger should be gently extended, the thumb extended and nearly parallel with the first finger; the second finger slightly curved, the third curved more than the second, and the fourth, or little finger, forming a semi-circle. Study the attitudes of statuary and adapt your positions to those models that are regarded as specimens of the highest art.

3. The hand is said to be *supine* when open, fingers relaxed and palm upward, indicating entreaty, appeal, light, joyous emotions, and general description.

4. It is *prone* when open, fingers extended and palm downward; used in denial, degradation and concealment.

5. It is *vertical* when open, fingers extended and palm outward; used in repelling, disgust, abhorence and warding off.

6. It is *clenched* when tightly closed; used in anger, defiance, and threatening.

7. It is *pointing* when loosely closed, forefinger and thumb uppermost and extended; used in pointing and designating.

205. Direction of Movement.

Before attempting any of the following exercises in gesture with the hands, the pupil should become familiar with the various terms used in indicating direction.

1. FRONT. Gestures made directly before the body are termed "front."

2. EXTENDED. Gestures made direct from the speaker's side are termed "extended."

3. OBLIQUE. Gestures made between the front and extended are called "oblique."

4. BACKWARD. Gestures back of the extended are called "backward."

5. DESCENDING. Gestures made below the horizontal line of the chest are called "descending."

6. HORIZONTAL. Gestures made by extending the hand and arm in a line horizontal to the chest (whether

front, oblique, or the side or backward) are called "horizontal."

7. Ascending. Gestures made above the horizontal are termed "ascending."

8. Climax of Gesture. Gestures reach their climax on the accented syllable of the word with which they are used.

206. Both Hands

Are often used, making the same motions, to give greater breadth of thought, broader expanse, and more intensity of emotion.

207. Arm Motions.

To secure facility and grace of gesture, a short preliminary exercise, employing both arms simultaneously, is of great advantage. Every exercise in gesture should be preceded by several whole-arm-movement combinations, which will be suggested after the following description of an exercise the author has used most advantageously with young children.

208. Direction for Arm Movement.

Take the first position, slightly elevate the chest, and force the shoulders well back. Let the arms and hands hang naturally, the little fingers just touching the sides. Raise both the arms, bringing the hands towards each other in front, near the body and slightly turning them so that the forefingers just touch by the time the hands meet at the waist; continue raising the hands, fingers relaxed and slightly curved, palms

gradually turning inward, until the chin is reached, when the fingers gradually extend. From this point the hands separate, the whole arms sweep through a graceful curve downward and outward through the horizontal, oblique, and extended directions, the palms at first upward, gradually turn inward, then downward, when the arms curve and the hands are brought again together at the waist as when raised from the sides in the initial motion. This movement is to be repeated many times until familiar, after which others can be developed from it, which will all be of great service in imparting ease and grace to gesture.

209. Mode of Gesture.

1. The grace of gesture is expressed in the compound curve, sometimes called "Hogarth's line of beauty." The motion of the arm originates in the shoulder, is then transmitted to the arm, whence the hand and the fingers receive the impulse and both gradually curving as the arm is raised until the chest (on the side opposite the arm employed) is reached, when the arm, hands, and fingers *unbend*, and reach their full extension at the climax.

2. The curve of arm gesture, expressive of pleasing, tranquil and serious thought, and employed in narration, description and argument, is beautifully illustrated in the varied motions that may be described with a flexible willow-twig.

3. The direction of motion in the gesture of violent passion and uncontrollable excitement, whether occa-

sioned by fright or joy, is best illustrated in the angular flash of the falling thunderbolt.

4. From these illustrations the learner will readily infer the character of gesture required when he has determined the sentiment contained in the composition.

5. The following examples, which have appeared in Randall's Elocution, Potter's Manual of Reading, The New York Speaker, and many other elocutionary works, are now so generally used, and serve so well to illustrate a great variety of gesture, that their introduction is preferred to others used by the author.

210. Explanation of Abbreviations.

D. f. Descending Front.	D. e. Descending Extended.
H. f. Horizontal Front.	H. e. Horizontal Extended.
A. f. Ascending Front.	A. e. Ascending Extended.
D. o. Descending Oblique.	D. b. Descending Behind.
H. o. Horizontal Oblique.	H. b. Horizontal Behind.
A. o. Ascending Oblique.	A. b. Ascending Behind.

NOTE. — The dots placed beneath words show where to raise the hand in preparation. The words in capitals mark the climax, while the hand drops on the syllable in Italics.

211. Exercises in Gesture.

I. RIGHT HAND SUPINE.

D. f. This sentiment I will maintain | with the last breath of LIFE. . . . . .

H. f. I appeal | to YOU, sir, for your de *cis* ion. . . . .

A. f. I appeal | to the great Searcher of HEARTS for
. . .
the truth of what I *ut* ter.

D. o. Of all mistakes | NONE are so *fa* tal as those
. . . . .
which we incur through prejudice.

H. o. Truth, honor, | JUSTICE were his *mo* tives.
. . . . .

A. o. Fix your eye | on the prize of a truly NO ble
. . . . .
am *bi* tion.

D. e. AWAY | with an idea so absurd!
.

H. e. The breeze of morning | wafted IN cense on the
air. . . . . . .

A. e. In dreams thro' camp and court he bore | the
. . . . . .
trophies of a CON queror.

D. b. AWAY | with an idea so abhorrent to humanity!
. .

H. b. Search the records of the remotest an TI quity
. . . . . .
for a *par* allel to this.

A. b. Then rang their proud HURRAH!
. . . .

II. RIGHT HAND PRONE.

D. f. Put DOWN | the unworthy feeling!
. .

H. f. Re STRAIN the unhallowed pro *pen* sity.
. .

D. o. Let every one who would merit the Christian
. . . . . .
name | re PRESS | such a feeling.
. . .

H. o. I charge you as men and as Christians | to lay
. . . . . .
a re STRAINT on all such dispo *si* tions!

A. o. Ye gods | with HOLD your *ven* geance!
. . .

D. e. The hand of affection | shall smooth *the* TURF
. . . . . .
for your last *pil* low!

H. e. The cloud of adver | sity threw its gloom over
. . . . . .
all his PROS pects.

A. e. So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud that
. . . . . .
swathes | as with a purple SHROUD Benledi's distant
. . .
hill.

III. RIGHT HAND VERTICAL.

H. f. Arise! meet | and re PEL your *foe!*
. . . . .

A. f. For BID it, Almighty *God!*
. .

H. o. He generously extended the arm of power | to ward OFF the *blow.* . . . . . .

A. o. May Heaven a VERT the cal *am* ity!
. . . . .

H. e. Out of my SIGHT, | thou serpent!
. . . .

H. b. Thou tempting fiend, a VAUNT!

. . . . . .

IV. BOTH HANDS SUPINE.

D. f. All personal feeling he de POS ited on the *al* tar of his country's good. . . .

H. f. Listen, I im PLORE you, to the voice of *rea* . . .

son!

A. f. HAIL! universal *Lord.*

D. o. Every personal advantage | he sur REN dered . . . . . .

to the common *good.*

H. o. WELCOME! once more to your early *home!* . . . .

A. o. HAIL! holy *Light!*

D. e. I utterly re NOUNCE | all the supposed advan . . .

tages of such a station.

H. e. They yet slept | in the wide a BYSS of possi . . . . . .

bil ity.

A. e. Joy, joy | for EVER. . . . .

V. BOTH HANDS PRONE.

D. f. Lie LIGHT ly on him, *earth* — his step was . .

light on thee.

H. f. Now all the blessings of a glad father LIGHT on
. . . . . .
thee!

A. f. Blessed be Thy NAME O Lord Most *High*.
. . . . .

D. o. We are in Thy sight | but as the worms of the
. . . . . .
DUST!

H. o. May the grace of God | abide with you for
. . . . . .
EVER.

A. o. And let the triple rainbow rest | o'er all the
. . . . . .
mountain TOPS.

D. e. Here let the tumults of passion | forever
. . . . . .
CEASE!

H. e. Spread *wide* a ROUND the heaven-breathing
. . .
calm!

A. e. Heaven | opened WIDE her ever during *gates*.
. . .

VI. BOTH HANDS VERTICAL.

H. f. HENCE hideous *specter!*
. . .

A. f. AVERT O *God*, the frown of thy indignation!
. .

H. o. Far from OUR *hearts* be so inhuman a feeling.
. . . .

A. o. Let me not | NAME it to *you* ye chaste stars!

. . . . .

H. e. And if the night have gathered aught of evil

. . . . . .

or concealed dis PERSE it.

. . . . . .

A. e. Melt and dis PEL, ye specter *doubts!*

. . . . .

212. General Hints Upon Gesture.

1. "Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance — that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature."

2. Be definite and decided in your action. Decision of gesture is more important than grace; — combine the two.

3. In shifting from one foot to the other avoid dropping one shoulder.

4. Though appropriate gesture is pleasing to the eye and greatly assists the hearer in comprehending the thought, the pupil is reminded that too little gesture is better than a continuous or even frequent sawing of the air.

5. During the action of gesture the arm should be kept moving all the time — rarely stationary for a single instant.

6. When reading attempt no gesture unless you can look from your book and follow the gesture with your eyes.

7. The climax of the gesture should be on the emphatic word, and the hand performing the gesture

should return to the side or proceed with another gesture.

8. Keep your face either full or three quarters full toward your audience, unless personation should require it otherwise.

9. In personating two characters have one speak to the right the other to the left. Explanations require a full face to the audience.

10. Use curved lines in gesture in all cases except those portraying sudden and impassioned Emotions.

11. As a general rule in single gestures, use the right arm, with the right foot advanced, in preference to the left. The left, however, is often conveniently used in the mimicry of awkward characters.

12. Do not permit the love of dress display to mar the effect of your delivery by making you ridiculous. Taste in dress is little less important than appropriate language and delivery.

13. Let your changes in gesture accord with the language. The more rapid the thought and violent the emotion, the more sudden the transitions. Calm, dignified and reflective thought requires slow, measured, graceful changes.

14. Observe the attitudes and gestures of great orators and actors.

15. In sitting on a chair on the platform or elsewhere in the presence of company, keep erect and avoid crossing the limbs or tilting back your chair. Personal comfort may justify such *abandon* in your private room, but not in the presence of company.

213. FACIAL EXPRESSION.

1. Facial Expression is the adaptation of the countenance to the thought to be expressed.

2. Of the face Quintilian has said: "The face is the dominant power of expression. With this we supplicate; with this we threaten; with this we soothe; with this we mourn; with this we rejoice; with this we triumph; with this we make our submissions; upon this the audience hang; upon this they keep their eyes fixed; this they examine and study even before a word is spoken."

3. Facial Expression in its various phases, influenced by the constantly changing impulses of that mysterious agent we call mind, is a science of such wonderful possibilities, that an extended treatment of the subject in an elementary text-book, is impracticable. It is sufficient to say that every sentiment and emotion has its peculiar facial expression, subject to time, place and circumstance.

4. The effect of vocal delivery is so much heightened by a sympathetic expression of face, that the student of Elocution, whether preparing for the rostrum, bar, or pulpit, should on no account neglect the adaptation of his countenance to the sentiment.

5. "It is said of Whitfield, the Prince of Pulpit Orators, that his face was like a canvas, and upon it he painted every passion that stirs the human breast. It was at one moment terrific as if all the furies were enthroned on that dark brow; and next, as by a dis-

solving view, there would come forth an angelic sweetness that savored of heaven."

6. The eye is the most expressive of all the features. From it the soul looks forth, and communes with kindred spirits. Through it the workings of the mind are made manifest before the tongue moves in obedience to the will. The expectant child reads in the mother's eye the answer to his wish. "Even the animals are susceptible to its power. The dog watches the eye of his master, and discovers from it, before a word is spoken, whether he is to expect a caress or apprehend chastisement. The lion cannot attack a man so long as the man looks him steadily in the eye."

214. General Principles of Facial Expression.

The Brows.

1. An unruffled brow denotes tranquil thought.

2. A contracted brow portrays anger, hatred, defiance.

3. An elevated brow expresses wonder, admiration, terror, joy.

The Mouth.

1. An open mouth shows surprise, wonder, admiration, fear, desire, mirth, love, silliness.

2. The mouth closes lightly in repose and peaceful thought.

3. A tightly compressed mouth shows firmness, perplexity, scorn.

4. A drawing down of the corners of the mouth expresses scorn, contempt, pride.

5. A pouting mouth shows petulance, impatience.

6. The mouth smiles in approval, satisfaction, happiness.

THE EYES.

1. The eyes are raised in joy, hope, admiration.

2. They are cast down in shame, modesty, grief, disappointment.

3. They look forward in determination.

4. They are turned away in disgust, listening.

5. They roll in rage, despair.

6. They are opened wide and fixed in consternation.

7. They flash in sudden anger.

THE NOSE.

1. The nose is elevated in scorn.

2. It is expanded in sudden anger.

3. It is wrinkled in mirth.

4. The nostrils are contracted in pain, fear.

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215. MISCELLANEOUS VOCAL EXERCISES.

1. The following exercises are designed as a complete review of all the preceding principles. An entire week may profitably be given to the drill.

2. If the exercises are skillfully conducted the students will leave the subject with a fair knowledge of every principle taught, and the complete command of every element of vocal expression.

3. Spell the word "SUPERANNUATED" *by sound in one breath*, as follows: —

s-u su | p-e-r per | super | a-n an | superan | n-u nu | superannu | a-t at | superannuat | e-d ed | superannuated.

4. Pronounce the word with a decided downward slide.

5. Pronounce the word with a strongly marked upward slide.

6. Give the sentence, "*He is superannuated*," or any other the teacher may prefer, so as to illustrate the following elements: —

1. Pure Tone, Subdued F., Median S., Low P., Slow M.
2. Pure Tone, Moderate F., Radical S., Middle P., Moderate M.
3. Pure Tone, Subdued F., Intermittent S., Low P., Slow M.
4. Orotund, Full F., Thorough S., High P., Moderate M.
5. Plaintive, Subdued F., Intermittent S., Low P., Slow M.
6. Pectoral, Moderate F., Final S., Low P., Slow M.
7. Guttural, Full F., Final S., Low P., Slow M.
8. Nasal, Moderate F., Radical S., High P., Moderate M.
9. Falsetto, Full F., Final S., High P., Rapid M.

7. In expressing the following sentiments, emotions, and passions, the student will place, "He is," or "Is

he" before the word "*superannuated*," as he may wish to declare or ask the question; as, "*He is superannuated*," or "*Is he superannuated?*"

8. Before attempting to express the thought the student must, by an intense mental effort, *conceive* what he is about to utter.

1. Affectation.	2. Delight.
3. Amazement.	4. Pity.
5. Contempt.	6. Derision.
7. Exultation, Joy.	8. Weariness.
9. Grief.	10. Hatred, Rage.
11. Humor, Laughter.	12. Pathos.
13. Perplexity.	14. Ridicule.
15. Repose.	16. Scorn.
17. Submission.	18. Terror.
19. Disgust.	20. Triumph.
21. Remorse.	22. Intoxication.

9. Pronounce the following words in the most expressive manner possible, so that every element, facial expression, and attitude shall be an echo to the sound

Whisper.	Crash,	Swing.	Clang.
Breathe.	Gay.	Whizz.	Roar.
Clear.	Cold.	Deep.	Laugh.
Mingle.	Hiss.	Gush.	Rumble.
Staggering.	Fierce.	Dance.	Dark.
Buzz.	Roll.	Scream.	Dash.
Sweet.	Wild.	Hate.	Bold.
Shivering.	Hark.	Howl.	Grind.

216. Programme for Daily Practice.

1. That the student ambitious of marked skill in Elocution may retain those principles which he has been taught in the preceding lessons, and confirm their practice by habit, the following programme of daily exercises is presented.

2. It must not be inferred that this is the measure of practice which the student is to impose upon himself; nor will he who aspires to the highest excellence stop with practice; he will read, study, observe, and investigate.

3. It may safely be asserted that all the great orators of our own and other countries have ever been the most industrious students of nature, art, and science.

DAILY EXERCISE.

1. Assume the *four positions* in successive and promiscuous order — five times.

2. Exercise in Arm Motions, Art. 207 and 208, with musical accompaniment — march time, if possible — from 5 to 10 minutes.

3. Practice the different methods of Respiration,— always *inhaling* through the nostrils.

4. Repeat the Alphabet distinctly from five to ten times in one breath.

5. Count sixty, naming each number distinctly and *firmly* in one breath.

6. Give with decided energy the 44 elementary sounds (not their names).

7. Pronounce with exaggerated precision the following words: —

Peremptory, comparable, despicable, obligatory, admiralty, intricacy, allegorist, conscientiousness, lugubriously, consecutiveness.

8. Read (or better) recite "The Two Boot Blacks," page 21, in 50 seconds.

9. Utter the sentence, "Roll on old ocean gray!" as follows: —

1. In the eight qualities of voice.
2. With nine degrees of force.
3. With the six forms of stress.
4. In seven degrees of pitch.
5. With five rates of movement.

10. Practice the diagrammed waves on pages 187 and 188.

VOICE PRESERVATION.

1. Keep the mind and body pure and healthy.
2. Breathe as directed under RESPIRATION.
3. Use no drinks during vocal exercise.
4. Avoid a long continued high pitch.
5. Consign tobacco to the mutes.
6. Use no stimulants of any kind.
7. Permit no compression about the neck.
8. Constantly cultivate pure tones.
9. Avoid affectation, arrogance, and irritability.
10. Keep the temper as a reserve force, under control.

["NATIONS AND HUMANITY." — *George W. Curtis.*]

It was not his olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greek; it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and *patriotism* is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight, and fall.

But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations *he is a man*. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father; but the best *man* he can be.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together towards one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds, — slowly, slowly, over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crime, — advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. He faints, and falls, and dies; man is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion, — love of freedom and love of God, — are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the "Old World" are our teachers.

Our faith is in God and the right; and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God's good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

And so with our individual hearts, strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

PART V.

217. GROUPING.

1. Grouping is the skilful arrangement of words, phrases and sentences, with regard to the elements employed in their delivery, into such groups as shall render their meaning clear, pleasing and impressive.

2. Effective grouping implies in addition to a knowledge and complete control of all the elements employed in vocal expression, a cultivated taste, good judgment and a clear perception of an author's meaning. Here we have the application of the whole art embraced in logic, rhetoric and elocution; for the process involves the science of thought, the laws of composition, and the art of vocal delivery.

3. It is grouping that distinguishes the forcible and captivating oration from the noisy harangue, — the soul-stirring rendition of a dramatic composition from the school-boy's drawling declamation. It is by judicious grouping that the perfect orator brings the image before our eyes, awakens the thrill in our hearts, and fires our souls with the loftiest emotions that animate our race.

4. No part of our subject requires such an extended

literary knowledge, good judgment, keen perception, delicate taste, and above all, such a perfect understanding of the human mind, as the appropriate grouping of speech. For this reason, definite instruction, comprehending the multitude of forms occurring in language is most difficult.

5. To aid the learner in the analysis of thought and grouping of words for delivery, an example will be given of a method the author has employed with great advantage. The pupil is reminded that other groupings of the sentence might be given which would be equally effective.

6. The student's success in this department of elocution depends so much upon the management of pauses, that a few of the more important rules governing the suspension of the voice will be given, with the suggestion that the length of the pause depends, entirely upon the sentiment, the speaker and the circumstance.

218. GROUPING PAUSES.

I. Pause Before.

1. The infinitive phrase; as, It is well | to know our duty.

2. Prepositional phrases; as, It is prudent | in every man to provide against future want.

3. Adjectives following their nouns; as, Once upon a midnight | dreary.

4. Relative Pronouns; as, He must have brains in his heels, | who has them not in his head.

5. Conjunctions; as, There is a mourner, | and her heart is broken.

6. An Ellipsis; as, Character | once lost is regained slowly.

II. Pause After.

1. The Nominative phrase; as, Every good and perfect gift | cometh from God.

2. The objective phrase in an inverted sentence; as, My happy, peaceful youth | restore to me.

3. Emphatic words; as, But *most* | by numbers judge the poet's song.

4. Words in apposition; as, Peter, the hermit, | incited the people of Europe to a holy warfare.

5. Each member of a sentence; as, You're in the old way, | and I'm in the new; | That is the false, | and this is the true.

To these rules many others might be added, but they are subject to so many exceptions and modifications that it is thought best to include them under one

219. General Rule for Grouping.

Group by a pause every collection of words that marks any break or change of thought.

220. Examples of Grouping.

The pupil will carefully examine the following paragraph as presented for reading, and study the analysis following.

We go, next, | to the *schoo'ls* | for children. | It ought | to be a leading object, | in these schools, | to teach the art of rea'ding. | It ought to occupy | *three-fold more time* | than it does. | The teachers | of these schools | should labor | to improve | *themse'lves.* | They should feel,—that | to them, | for a time, | are committed | the future orators | of the la'nd.

The above extract requires in a great part the following elements; Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Radical Stress, Middle Pitch and Moderate Movement.

A critical analysis, such as every selection should receive before being read in public, will show how these elements are modified by slight changes of thought and earnestness.

We go next — These three words form the first pause group, and should be read with the elements named above with no special intensity, except on the word "*next*," which, containing an anticipation of something to be expressed in the succeeding group, receives a slight increase of force and a perceptible elevation of pitch.

to the schoo'ls — The second group will require an increase of force on "*schools*," because that word, used in connection with what precedes, implies contrast with some other place. The downward slide is required because the statement is positive.

for chil-dren. — Reduce the force, lower the pitch, increase the movement and mark the cadence.

It ought — Pause before the infinitive, slight increase of force, and elevation of pitch. Radical stress strongly marked on "*ought*."

to be a leading object — A gradual increase of force and elevation of pitch. The whole group requires increase in Movement. The word "*object*" receives slight emphasis from its importance — emphasis of force.

in these schools — Parenthetical, and requires the Slur. Increase of movement and slight lowering of pitch. Slight increase of force on "*schools*."

to teach the art of reading.— The prepositional phrase usually forms a group, but the importance of "*reading*" hurries the voice forward and joins the group closely to the infinitive phrase. The force is gradually increased to the close; when "*reading*" is uttered with so much earnestness as to partake slightly of the Orotund.

It ought to occupy — The intensity of the succeeding group throws what ordinarily forms a separate group (infinitive phrase) into the preceding. The elements remain the same with a slight increase of earnestness.

threefold more time — Here is an entire group of emphatic words, and it requires a deeper tone, approaching the Orotund, an increase of force, a lowering of pitch, and a slight Thorough Stress, Slower Movement. The Quantity is long on each word.

than it does. — Less force, increase of movement. Radical Stress. Slight Cadence.

The teacher — The subject or subject phrase form a group to give the mind time to dwell upon the identity of the individual. Increase the force. A decided Radical Stress. Slight elevation of pitch.

of these schools — Slur. Diminish force and stress, increase the movement and lower the pitch.

should labor — A duty. Earnestness. Increase of force, and a marked Radical Stress on the first syllable of "*labor.*"

to improve — The emphasis applied to the succeeding word makes this group almost expressionless, but it is the expectancy contained in the phrase that requires the grouping and gives it effectiveness. To bring out the full force of the next word, there must be a slight lowering of pitch and decrease of force.

themselves. — Marked increase of force, deeper tone, Final Stress and longer quantity.

They should feel — No marked change of prevailing elements except a deeper tone than is commonly included in the Pure Tone. A slight suspension is marked in the word, "*feel.*"

that — A slight pause is here required to give the mind time to prepare for the statement following. "*That*" is uttered with a moderate increase of force and elevation of pitch.

to thèm — Increase the force and utter "*them*" with a slight Final Stress.

for a time, — Parenthetical. Slur. Lower the pitch and increase the movement.

are committed — The importance of the succeeding statement justifies this group. There is a marked earnestness and elevation of thought contained in this group; hence, a tendency toward the Orotund, an increase of force, a change of stress to the Thorough.

the future orators — The grandeur of thought contained in this and the succeeding group gives them a decided Orotund, a fair degree of Moderate Force and a tendency toward the Thorough Stress.

of the la'nd — The closing of the sentence requires a lowering of pitch, a return to the prevailing force, and a pleasing cadence.

221. Exercises in Grouping.

The pupils are expected to group and analyze the following selection according to the two preceding models. Each pupil of the class should be assigned no more than one stanza during any exercise.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

[Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland.]

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good Father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
I Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray —
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left — his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true" —
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'

For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?' "

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side —
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Savior died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

INDUSTRY AND ELOQUENCE. — *Wm. Wirt.*

In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, oratory was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated than among us; but of these a much larger number became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence, and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them, as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by occasional practice.

They served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which art and perseverance could accomplish.

The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies, except, indeed, in their high intellectual endowments, had to struggle against natural obstacles; and, instead of growing up spontaneonsly to their unrivaled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging, artificial process.

Demosthenes combatted an impediment in speech and an ungainliness of gesture, which, at first drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed, at first, through weakness of lungs, and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study ond discipline. He exiled himself from home, and, during his absence, in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism as the surest means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed.

Such, too, was the education of their other great men. They were all, according to their ability and station, orators; orators, not by nature or accident, but by education, formed in a strict process of rhetorical training.

The inference to be drawn from these observations is that, if so many of those who received an accomplished education became accomplished orators, because to become so was one purpose of their study, then it is in the power of a much larger proportion among us to form ourselves into

creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied until proved false by experiment.

Let this art be made an object of attention; let young men train themselves to it faithfully and long; and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found, at last, incapable of expressing themselves in continued and connected discourse, so as to answer the ends of puplic speaking, then, and not till then, let it be said that a peculiar talent or natural aptitude is requisite, the want of which must render effort vain; then, and not till then, let us acquiesce in this indolent and timorous notion which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity and all the experience of the world.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS! — *Alfred Tennyson.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring, happy, bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

OUR DUTIES TO THE REPUBLIC. — *Judge Story.*

The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece,

"The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,"

where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, — where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissentions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, — where and what is she? The eternal

city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths and Vandals and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold; but the people offered the tribute money.

We stand the latest, — and, if we fail, probably the last,— experiment of the self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices of luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning, — simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and to self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created? Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and

In its glad beauty from the gloom of death
Where the crushed mould beneath the sunken foot
Seems but the sepulchre of old decay;
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
The breath of evening and the sultry morn
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses
That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life;
Raise then the Hymn to Immortality!
The broad green prairies and the wilderness,
And the old cities where the dead have slept,
Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
Of myraids, waking from the silent dust.
Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves
Resting together in one fond embrace,
The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe,
Grown old together in the flight of years;
They of immortal fame and they whose praise
Was never sounded in the ears of men, —
Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd, —
All the vast concourse in the halls of death, —
Shall waken from the dreams of silent years
To hail the dawn of the immortal day.
Aye, learn the lesson! Though the worm shall be
Thy brother in the mystery of death,
And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay
Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,
Yet the immortal is thy heritage!
The grave shall gather thee: yet thou shalt come,
Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth,
In rags or purple, but arrayed as those
Whose mortal puts on immortality!
Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
Of nature, and her solemn hymn of death
Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart.
That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,
Breaks from the mould with every bursting flower,

"O grave! thy victory!" And thou, oh, man!
Burdened with sorrow at the woes which crowd
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head
In the strong hope of the undying life,
And shout the Hymn to Immortality.
The dear departed that have passed away
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother, or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise, —
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass
At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the Immortal Hills.
And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
Thine uncrowned head no lowlier than theirs,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
A king and priest to God! — when thou shalt pass
Forth from these silent halls to take thy place
With patriarchs and prophets and the blest
Gone up from every land to people heaven.
So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight!

Lay Of The Madman. — *Anon.*

Many a year hath passed away,
Many a dark and dismal year,
Since last I roamed in the light of day,
Or mingled my own with another's tear;
Woe to the daughters and sons of men —
Woe to them all when I roam again!

Here have I watched, in this dungeon cell,
Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;

Here have I shrieked in my wild despair,
When the damnéd fiends, from their prison came,
Sported and gamboled, and mocked me here,
With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame,
Shouting forever and aye my name!
And I strove in vain to burst my chain,
And longed to be free as the winds again;
That I might spring in the wizard ring,
And scatter them back to their hellish den!
Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
Woe to them all when I roam again!

How long I have been in this dungeon here,
Little I know, and nothing I care;
What to me is the day, or night,
Summer's heat or autumn sere,

Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear;
Time! what care I for thy flight?
Joy! I spurn thee with disdain;
Nothing love I but this clanking chain;
Once I broke from its iron hold,
Nothing I said, but silent and bold
Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair,
Hours upon hours so watched I there;
Till one of the fiends that had come to bring
Herbs from the valley and drink from the spring,
Stalked through my dungeon entrance in!
Ha! how he shrieked to see me free—
Ho! how he trembled, and knelt to me,
He, who had mocked me many a day,
And barred me out from its cheerful ray—
Gods! how I shouted to see him pray!
I wreathed my hands in the demon's hair,
And choked his breath in its muttered prayer,
And danced I then in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's fright!

Gods! How I crushed his hated bones
'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon-stones:
And plunged my arm adown his throat,
  And dragged to life his beating heart,
And held it up that I might gloat,
  To see its quivering fibers start!
Ho! how I drank of the purple flood,
Quaffed, and quaffed again, of blood,
Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more,
Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
Fettered and held by this iron chain; —
  Ho! when I break its links again,
  Ha! when I break its links again,
Woe to the daughters and sons of men!

Apostrophe to the English Language. — *George Bancroft.*

Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country; take possession of the North American Continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and man! Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out with the fountains that as yet sing their anthem all day long without response; fill the valleys with the voices of love in its purity, the pledges of friendship in its faithfulness; and as the morning sun drinks the dew-drops from the flowers all the way from the dreary Atlantic to the Peaceful ocean, meet him with the joyous hum of the early industry of freemen! Utter boldly and spread widely through the world the thoughts of the coming apostles of the people's liberty, till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity, and the lips of the messenger of the people's power, as he stands in beauty upon the mountains, shall proclaim the renovating tidings of equal freedom for the race.

PART VI.

222. ORIGINAL DISCOURSE.

1. Thus far the student has been instructed in the manner only of expressing the thoughts of others. While the ability to comprehend instantly and render effectively an author's thoughts as outlined upon the printed page is an accomplishment of great value to all, such an attainment is not sufficient for the broad and general culture required by our times and institutions.

2. The responsibilities thrust upon us by the republican form of government under which we live, perpetuated in its purity and efficiency by the logic of a Choate, the wisdom of a Webster, and the eloquence of a Clay, demand attainments of a higher order than mere skill in the pathetic, forcible, or eloquent repetition of some popular composition.

3. The citizen who would form at least a unit in the Republic must be competent to wield the pen and when called upon, be prepared to address his countrymen intelligently upon the questions of the day. His duty to himself and country demand that whether he write or speak, his performance should be creditable and effective.

4. A ready, vigorous pen and speech, like reading and declamation, come from instruction, practice and criticism.

5. The purpose of PART VI is to present the component elements of a finished discourse in a manner so simple that with the aid of the models and exercises following, the student can not fail to acquire commendable skill in the written and vocal expression of his own thoughts.

6. Assuming that the student is familiar with the general laws of grammar and the usual rhetorical forms, we present at once the parts of the formal discourse as it is ordinarily constructed.

7. A discourse is the formal, public delivery of thought previously prepared, in most cases, for the occasion. It may be read or committed to memory and addressed to the auditors for whom it is intended.

223. Kinds.

I. Addresses, of which there are many varieties; as, an address of welcome, address of congratulation, professional addresses, etc.

II. Orations, commemorative of some important event; as, the oration of Mr. Winthrop at the Yorktown celebration, Mr. Blaine's eulogy upon James A. Garfield.

III. Lectures, designed to give instruction upon historical, literary, or scientific subjects; as, Richard A. Proctor's lectures on astronomy.

IV. Sermons, discourses prepared by clergymen for the moral and religious instruction of the people.

V. Speeches, a term applied to those forms of delivery which are spoken either extemporaneously or from matter previously prepared and committed to memory. The speech is not restricted to time, place, or occasion. It is heard in Congress, courts, and conventions — upon all subjects, at all times.

224. Division and Arrangement.

The most elaborate discourses may be divided naturally into *six* parts, logically arranged in the following order: —

I. The Exordium,	IV. The Confirmation,
II. The Narration,	V. The Refutation,
III. The Proposition,	VI. The Peroration.

1. The Exordium, or *Introduction*, in which the speaker seeks to gain the favorable attention of his auditors to himself and an unprejudiced consideration of whatever principles he may advocate. The success of the speaker is often determined by his introduction.

Requisites. — 1. That the manner of the speaker shall be easy, graceful, and natural, free from every appearance of affectation or arrogance. 2. That the language shall be simple, and expressed with the utmost accuracy. 3. That neither the manner of the speaker nor his language shall anticipate any of the principal points of his arguments.

2. The Narration, or *Description*, is a concise statement of the facts upon which the discourse is based.

Requisites. — 1. That it should be so plain that no misunderstanding may arise in the minds of an audience. 2. That it be reasonable and probable. 3. That it be told so pleasantly that the hearers will not weary of its recital.

3. The Proposition, or *Statement*, presents the views entertained by the speaker on the subject under consideration. In this part, when the discussion assumes an intricate form, the subject is treated under several heads called the *partition*.

Requisites. — 1. That the speaker in his partition confine himself to the fewest heads possible, and reject all points not bearing directly upon the question at issue. 2. That his statements be full, clear, and decided.

4. The Confirmation, is the application of all the proofs drawn from invention or analogous cases to strengthen the cause as presented by the speaker.

Requisites. — 1. That the proofs offered be applicable and conclusive. 2. That they be arranged in such a manner that the strongest is placed last and the weakest in the middle.

5. The Refutation, or *Confutation*, is the answering of the arguments and objections of an opponent, either expressed or anticipated, by showing them to be erroneous, irrelevant, inconsistent, or absurd.

Requisites. — 1. That the answers be fair, and delivered in the spirit of candor. 2. That the speaker attempt not to disprove irrefutable facts and arguments. A speaker often renders himself ridiculous by such a course. A candid admission of facts bearing

upon the question strengthens the speaker's position and wins him sympathy in the minds of judge and jury.

6. The Peroration, or *Conclusion*, is the summing up of the principal arguments together with such additional points as bear directly upon the proposition.

Requisites. — 1. That the style of the peroration harmonize with the general treatment of the subject. 2. That the speaker employ all the graces of rhetoric and elocution at his command. 3. That the conclusion be not too long concluding. 4. That the closing sentences be constructed and delivered so as to leave the minds of hearers in accord with that of the speaker.

Note. — While the above classification and arrangement is found in the most finished orations left us by the great masters, it is not uniformly observed, nor indeed is it necessary in all discourses. Until the student acquires facility in original work, the order of parts as outlined above should be followed in the exercises following the examples.

ENCOURAGING MANUFACTURES IN LYNDON.

I. The Exordium.

As a citizen of Lyndon who rejoices in its prosperity and sorrows in its adversity, I share with you the interest which every prospect of improvement or calamity excites in the community. I should prove recreant to the trust reposed in me by those whose interests I represent, if I failed on this occasion to put forth every exertion in my power for what seems most advantageous for our people. I beg that whatever difference of opinion we may entertain respecting the true course of action to be pursued, you will do me the justice to believe my words actuated by honest convictions. It is due to the importance of the interests involved that we con-

sider the propositions to be presented this evening from every standpoint we severally and collectively occupy.

II. The Narration.

Messrs. Jackson, Smith & Co., extensively engaged at various points in the United States in the manufacture of wrapping paper, realizing a number of advantages to be found in the peculiar quality and abundant quantity of wheat straw grown within a radius of a dozen miles of Lyndon, have submitted to our citizens a proposition which we have met to consider and answer. According to the terms of their proposition, these gentlemen in consideration of the grant of 10 acres of land lying on both sides of Fountain Creek within the corporate limits of Lyndon, which shall for ten years succeeding such grant be exempt from all taxation, and the sum of $20,000 to be paid when a like amount shall have been expended by them in the erection of buildings, will within one year after such grant of land erect, on the land so granted, a factory for the manufacture of wrapping paper, together with the necessary machinery, employing from 200 to 400 operatives throughout the year.

III. The Proposition.

This proposition has been published in our papers for two weeks, and discussed on our streets until even the children are familiar with its terms. Notwithstanding all that has been said for and against accepting the proposition, much remains to be added in its favor, a part of which I shall attempt to briefly present. The employment of 300 skilled operatives in our midst, with their families, will add to our population a thousand sober, industrious, economical people, whose wants must be supplied by our merchants and artisans. The running of the extensive machinery of so large a factory as the gentlemen propose to erect will furnish a home market

for a large part of the coal taken from our mines. And, finally, the manufacture of the thousands of tons of straw which has been heretofore consumed in flames for the want of other disposition, will inaugurate a system of providence and economy among our farmers, which in view of past experience, can not come too soon.

IV. The Confirmation.

That the addition to our population would be beneficial, morally and financially, is assured in the practice of this firm of employing none but thrifty, sober, industrious and skillful workmen, and the further practice of withholding a portion of each week's pay until all creditors of employes may have an opportunity of securing themselves against possible loss. The difficulties which our miners have experienced in shipping their coal at a profitable advantage will, by the establishment of such an enterprise as is contemplated, be in a measure obviated by the daily demand of 2,000 bushels of coal within one mile of their pits. I am informed by one of the gentlemen composing this firm, that the fiber contained in our straw is the best for their purpose to be found in America, that the paper made of this straw will be of a quality which will command the highest price in the market; and that their daily consumption for 9 months of the year, will amount to 100 tons, or 200,000 lbs., for which they will pay from $2 to $3 per ton. A simple calculation in multiplication, showing the daily distribution of $300 among our farmers for their straw, $160 to the miners for their coal, and $1,000 to the operatives of the factory, who in turn expend the half of their earnings among our merchants, must satisfy any candid mind of the financial advantage accruing from such an enterprise as we are invited to foster in our community.

V. The Refutation.

The opposition to the proposed assistance we are asked to render is fitly illustrated by the dog in the manger, which will neither eat the straw that forms his lair nor suffer the ox to eat of it. The coal which underlies our city and vicinity in exhaustless abundance, may there remain for future and more enlightened generations to bring to the surface and send to distant marts for all that these fossiliferous relics of an antediluvian civilization may feel disposed to do towards its development. They style themselves the true friends of the city, and attempt to prove their childish boast by applying what are otherwise most wholesome maxims; as, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," "It is better to let well enough alone," "We hold what we have and leave fools to speculate in what they expect to get," "Never go in debt for what you do not need," "If Jackson, Smith & Co. want a factory let 'em build it, and we'll sell 'em the land to build it on." Now, as a matter of fact, the greater portion of these objectors are ignorant, though comparatively wealthy men, who obtained their first money by inheritance, which was certainly no fault of theirs, and have by that blandlike passivity peculiar to Shylock, simply suffered it to accumulate cent. per cent.; and the suspicion of suffering a trifling delay in securing an immediate return for the few dollars they will pay in taxes for the proposed assistance, disturbs their peaceful meditations upon the superiority of notes, bonds, and mortgages over the uncertainty of the convertibility of straw into gold. The almost certain distribution among our people of $200,000 a year, has no charms for them — there's no *usury* in that general distribution. If these are the friends of our city let us pray for deliverance from their friendship.

VI. The Peroration.

In conclusion, I urge the immediate and favorable action of our people upon the proposition before us. Such an opportunity may not again be offered. Other communities, even in our own county, with all the peculiar advantages we are credited with having, but with a keener perception of advantages to be derived from manufacturing industries, are impatiently waiting for our rejection of the proposition in order that they may profit by our folly. Let us reach a conclusion at once, and let that conclusion be so emphatic that even old fogyism shall feel the impulse of a quickened life, born of the enlightened age in which we live.

PAUL'S DEFENSE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

I. The Exordium.

"I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently."

II. The Narration.

"My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews: which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: Unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews."

III. The Proposition.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

IV. The Confirmation.

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Whereupon as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise and stand on thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things of which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which

are sanctified by faith that is in me. Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance."

V. The Refutation.

"For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."

VI. The Peroration.

"And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad."

"But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him: for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest."

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be Christian."

"And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogethe rsuch as I am, except these bonds."

225. Subjects For Original Discourse.

The students will prepare discourses as above upon the following subjects. But one part at first should be required each day. These parts should be read before the class, criticised, and afterward rewritten as a whole; and then formally delivered before the school.

1. Is commerce or agriculture more beneficial to the best interests of the nation?

2. Has the National Government a right to interfere in education?

3. Is the unanimity required in juries conducive to the attainment of justice?

4. Has the discovery of gunpowder been beneficial to mankind?

5. Will America decay as the great nations of Antiquity have done?

6. Are great men made by circumstances? or do great men make circumstances?

7. Does climate affect the character of a people?

8. Would the annexation of Mexico be for the best interests of the United States?

9. Was the career of Napoleon Bonaparte of greater benefit than evil to the world?

10. Would it not be expedient to elect U. S. Senators by a popular State vote instead of by Legislative vote?

11. Ought education to be compulsory?

12. Is the "protective policy" best for American interests?

13. Is universal suffrage conducive to the greatest prosperity of the United States?

14. Is frequency of elections a source of corruption?

15. Would a Congress of Nations be desirable?

16. Ought there to be a national law limiting the amount of a man's wealth?

17. Is a lawyer justifiable in defending what he knows to be a wrong?

18. Has the introduction of labor-saving machinery been beneficial to the laboring classes?

226. Extemporaneous Speech.

1. The greatest excellence to which the student, ambitious of oratorical fame, may aspire, is comprised in the ability to speak fluently, logically, and effectively, upon any subject, at any time, without previous preparation.

2. This accomplishment may be termed "thinking on one's feet." It is not the result of any spontaneous development. It comes from study, practice, — work.

3. The power to charm the heart, and steal away the senses, to divert the mind from its own devisings, and hold an audience in breathless spell, as the orator paints the rosy tints of heavenly longings, or leads the imagination down through the labyrinths of wonderland, or depicts with lightning tongue and thunder tones, the horrors of the doomed, comes not by nature, but by work, — work, — work.

4. Whether this so-called gift be assisted by the early efforts of a Demosthenes declaiming over the sea-beat cliffs of Attica, or the harangues of a youthful Clay before a group of oxen, perfection in delivery is attained only by frequent and long continued practice, based upon accurate observation and zealous study.

227. The Two Forms of Extemporaneous Speech.

CONVERSATON.

1. Conversation is the general and familiar interchange of sentiments.

2. No form of social intercourse furnishes so much humanizing enjoyment, as pleasing and entertaining conversation. Notwithstanding the pleasure it affords, few people, even among the educated classes, are capable of entertaining a company by continuous, intelligent discourse.

3. The student is here reminded that unconnected remarks, followed by ambiguous or meaningless monosyllabic rejoinders, interspersed with nauseating repetitions of such expletives as, "Yes, indeed," "You don't say so," "You bet," etc., do not constitute elevating discourse.

4. Conversation is an art, and as such, it is capable of cultivation to approximate perfection. Success in the higher forms of speech, depends upon the conversational skill of the aspirant for oratorical honors.

228. General Rules for Conversation.

1. Breathe without gasping or attracting attention.

2. Articulate distinctly, but do not impress your hearers with the idea that you are going through an exercise in vocal gymnastics.

3. Be natural; remember it is yourself you are impersonating, and you will be judged accordingly.

4. In general, use a full, pure tone, moderate force, radical stress, middle pitch, and moderate movement. In those parts of your conversation requiring peculiar description and personation, use the appropriate elements.

5. Enter into the spirit of the subject with all your mind. Cultivate the habit of listening to others. This is at least polite. Attention to what others say is the relay from which you are enabled to continue your part of the conversation intelligibly and agreeably to the other members of your company.

6. Avoid pedantry, affectation, and all mannerisms calculated to detract from the general topic of conversation.

7. Conceive, summon, and express your best thoughts.

8. Employ the simplest, purest, and most expressive language at your command.

9. Avoid unpleasant personalities, particularly with reference to those who are absent.

10. Avoid topics of little general interest to your listeners.

11. However familiar to the company the condition

of the weather and streets may be, their prolonged discussion is not sufficiently important to justify more than a passing remark.

12. Indulge sparingly in raillery and cutting repartee. A merciless wit is never esteemed above a treacherous weapon.

229. Subjects for Conversation.

1. Changes in this city which I have seen.
2. An incident I witnessed on the street.
3. The value of system.
4. A description of a large mill I visited.
5. My first sight of a steamboat.
6. An impressive sermon I heard.
7. The influence of Longfellow's poetry.
8. Views from our post-office.
9. An incident on a railroad train.
10. Our last picnic.
11. My opinion of (some kind of amusement).
12. My impression of our last fair.
13. What I saw in a dream.
14. Gossipers as a class.
15. The dangers of bad company.
16. Advantages one may have by traveling.
17. The influence of habits of neatness.
18. Order and confusion.
19. The study of history.
20. The scandal monger.
21. The influence of money.
22. The evils of society gossip.
23. The history of a dime (dated 1830).

24. The influence of health on a man's career.

25. Habits of economy.

26. The value of a good reputation.

27. The possibilities to a man who might live and retain his faculties 1000 years.

230. Public Speaking.

1. Public extemporaneous speaking is the delivery of sentiment without previous written preparation.

2. The speaker employs the same elements as in conversation, but upon an enlarged scale. To these he may, as occasion requires, add depth and fullness to his quality, producing the grand tones of the Orotund; he may increase his force, raise his pitch, and indulge in a greater variety of stress, movement, and pauses than in ordinary conversation. In addition to these departures he may energize and embellish his delivery by gesture and facial expression; and, generally, he may play upon the accidental elements in arousing the emotions of an audience more than would be proper in the most animated conversation.

3. Of all professions recognized by civilized man, probably none requires in its perfection so many and varied accomplishments as that of oratory. The public lecturer who leads the van in the march of science for the improvement of society, the statesman, who guards the nation's rights and shapes his country's destiny, the man of God, who seeks to purify the human heart and save a fallen race — all must wield the wondrous power of speech.

4. How far the orators of the past have possessed

this comprehensive art of arts is largely answered in the social, governmental, and religious freedom of the nineteenth century.

231. General Requisites.

1. The orator should have a liberal education.

2. He should be actuated by the noblest impulses.

3. He should be endowed with the highest attributes of humanity.

4. He should possess the most extended information upon all subjects. To this end, he should have frequent practice in reading, conversation, speaking and writing.

5. Every physical organ should be subordinate to the will.

6. The summation of all these qualifications, Cicero tells us, marks the *perfect man*.

232. Specific Rules for Extemporaneous Speaking.

1. Have something to say worth hearing.

2. Know more of your subject than do any of your auditors.

3. Be wide awake and thoroughly in earnest.

4. Believe and feel intensely all you say.

5. Merge yourself into the thoughts you are uttering.

6. Look into the eyes of your hearers, not over their heads.

7. Cultivate facility and elegance of expression by using good language at all times.

8. Endeavor to hold your hearers that they may not wander from the subject.

9. Be yourself: you can not personate another with your ideas.

10. Never lose control of your thoughts, your breath, or your speech.

11. Avoid all forms of slang: no speaker ever exhausted the English language.

12. Have a complete mastery of all the elements of elocution — thus your body and limbs are made subjective to the mental powers.

13. Think only of *what* you are going to say: your grammar, rhetoric and elocution will suggest the manner.

14. If you have five or ten minutes for preparation, think of the proposition only.

15. Command a faultless articulation, an accurate pronunciation, and an absolute control of the essential elements of vocal expression.

16. Carefully study the speeches known to be extemporaneous of eminent orators: consider the time, place, and circumstance of their delivery.

17. Study the models furnished by Demosthenes, Cicero, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Webster and Clay.

18. Avoid great force in the beginning by studied distinctness and deliberate movement. Your audience must be led by measured tones of persuasion gradually up to the more intensified forms of expression.

19. In passing from one sentiment or emotion to another, strive to feel the emotion before attempting its utterance; words without feeling awake no responsive chord among your hearers.

20. Commit and frequently recite aloud a few excellent passages abounding in decided sentiment, absorbing emotion and vehement passion. The possession of the words gives the mind opportunity to dwell upon the thoughts, and thus their frequent conception and utterance trains the nerves, muscles and vocal organs to command the required expression at will

21. *Stop the moment you are done.*

233. Speaking from Notes.

1. When the speaker has sufficient time to collect and arrange his thoughts, he should endeavor to think of all he wishes to say upon the subject, and write the heads of his thoughts as they occur, and afterward arrange them in the most appropriate order.

2. In general, the most pleasing and entertaining matter should appear first. The auditors are never so critical as when the speaker steps upon the platform. An unfavorable impression once made is too difficult to overcome to justify the speaker's giving it an occasion.

3. The closing thoughts should possess merit and originality, and should be spoken with such sincerity, vigor and eloquence that an audience shall respect at least the advocate, if not the sentiment he utters.

4. Do not be tedious. Do not labor to exhaust your theme. When you can no longer talk without stopping to think what next to say, you are done, and should stop at once.

KEY

Containing the appropriate elements with which the selections found in this book and numbered should be read.

In all dramatic selections, — that is, such as involve personation, — the elements are varied and subject to many changes. To such the predominant elements only are given.

The sign (+) after a Quality, indicates a tendency toward the Orotund if it be a normal quality, or toward the Pectoral if it be an abnormal quality; after Force, an increase; after Pitch, an elevation; after Movement, an increase. The sign (—) after the Quality, shows a tendency toward the Pure Tone or toward the Aspirate; after Force, a decrease; after Pitch, a depression; after Movement, a slower rate.

ABBREVIATIONS.

QUALITY.

P. T. Pure Tone.
O. Orotund.
Pl. Plaintive.
P. Pectoral.
G. Guttural.
A. Aspirate.
N. Nasal.
F. Falsetto.

FORCE.

S. Subdued.
M. Moderate.
F. Full.

STRESS.

R. Radical.
M. Median.
F. Final.
C. Compound.
Th. Thorough.
I. Intermittent.

PITCH.

M. Middle.
H. High.
L. Low.

MOVEMENT.

M. Moderate.
R. Rapid.
S. Slow.

No. of Selection.	Elements Required.				
	Quality.	Force.	Stress.	Pitch.	Movement.
1	P. T.	M.	R.	M.+	R.+
2	P. T.	S.	M.	L.	S.
3	P. T.	M.	R.	M.—	M.—
4	P. T.	M.—	M.	M.—	M.—
5	P. T.+	M.+	R.	M.	M.—
6	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
7	P. T.+	M.+	R.	M.+	M.+
8	O.	F.	R. & M.	M.	M.—
9	P. T. & O.	M. & F.	R. & F.	M.+	M.
10	O.	F.	R. & F.	M.	M.—
11	O.	F.+	R.	H.	R.
12	O.	M.+	Th.	L.	S.+
13	O.	M.	M.	L.+	M.
14	Pl.	S.	I.	L.	S.+
15	P.	M.	M.	L.	S.
16	P.	S.	I. & M.	L.	S.
17	P.	M.	M.	L.	S.+
18	P.	F.	F.	H.	R.
19	P.	M.—	M. & I.	L.	S.
20	G.	F.	F.	M.	M.+
21	G.	F.	F.	M.	S.+
22	A.+	S.+	M. & I.	L.	S.
23	A.+	S.	F.	L.	S.
24	N.	M.	R.	M.	M.
25	F.	F.	R.	H.	R.
26	F. & O.	F.	R. & F.	H. & L.	M. & R.
27	P.	S.	M.	L.	S.
28	P.T. & Pl.	M. & S.	R. & I.	M. & L.	M. & S.
29	P. T.	S.	M.	M.—	M.—
30	O.	S.	M.	L.	S.+
31	O.	S.	M.	L.	S.—
32	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
33	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
34	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
35	O.	M.—	M.	L.	S.
36	P. T. & P.	F.	F.	H.	R.
37	O.	F.	M.	L.	S.
38	O.	F.	R.	M.	M.
39	O.	F.	R.	M.	M.
40	O.	F.	R.	M.+	M.+
41	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	R.
42	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.

No. of Selection.	Elements Required.				
	Quality.	Force.	Stress.	Pitch.	Movement.
43	O·	M.	R.	M.	M.
44	O.	M.+	R.	M.	S.
45	P. T.	S.	M.	L.	S.
46	O.	F.	F.	M.	M.
47	P.—	F.	F.	M.	S.+
48	O.	F.	Th.	M.	S.
49	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
50	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
51	P. T.+	M.+	R.	M.	M.
52	P. T.+	M.	R.	M.	M.
53	P. T.+	F.	Th.	H.	R.
54	O.	F.	Th.	H.	M.
55	P. T.	F. & M.	Th. & R.	H. & M.	M.
56	A.+	F.	M.	H.	R.
57	O.	F.	R.	M.+	M.
58	P. T.	S.	M.	L.	S.
59	O.	S.	M.	L.	S.
60	O.	M.	R. & M.	L.	S.
61	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
62	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M
63	P.	M.	M. & F.	L.	S
64	O.—	F.	M.	L.	S
65	O.	F.—	M.	L.	S.
66	O.—	S.	M.	L.	S.
67	P. T.	M.	R.	H.	R.
68	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	R.
69	P. T.	M.+	R.	M.+	R.
70	P. T.+	M. & F.	R. & Th.	M. & H.	M. & R.+
71	P. T.	M. & S.	R. & M.	M.	M.
72	P. T. & F.	M.+	R. & Th.	M. & H.	S.
73	P. T.	M.	R. & M.	M.	M.
74	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
75	P. T.	M.+	R.	M.+	M.+
76	O.	M.	R. & M.	M.	M.
77	P. T., P., A. & F.	M.& F.	All.	M. & H.	R. & M.
78	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
79	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.
80	P. T.	M.	R.	M.	M.

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TESTIMONIALS.

HOME INDORSEMENT.

The following resolution, adopted by the Board of Education of Edwardsville, Ill., the author's home, shows the appreciation of the work where it is best known: —

Oct. 2, 1882.

Resolved, That "BROWN'S COMMON SCHOOL ELOCUTIONARY SERIES" be adopted for the use of the pupils of the VII and VIII grades of this school district from this date.

From Robt. Allyn, LL.D., Pres. Southern Illinois Normal University:

I have examined your "Common School Elocution" with some care, and am well pleased with its plan, and better pleased with its execution. It is a good book, and not its smallest value, to my mind, is its small compass, comparatively. People can afford to buy it and can find time to go through it. I approve it thoroughly.

From E. L. McDowell, Professor of Elocution, Foster's School, St. Louis.

Your "Common School Elocution" is indeed a very ingenious adaption of Elocutionary principles to the wants of schools, colleges and private students. In the hands of good teachers it will prove of inestimable value in forming an effective style of reading and delivery.

From F. A. Fitzpatrick, Supt. City Schools, Leavenworth, Kan.:

I am very much pleased with your "Common School Elocution," its careful gradation, the purity of its selections and its treatment of a subject of which we all know too little. I shall try to make a place for it in our course. You are to be congratulated upon the conception as evinced in the completed work.

From the American Journal of Education, St. Louis:

As we turn the pages of "Common School Elocution" we discover a new departure. The old stereotyped plan is ignored, and a rigid investigation of nature's laws substituted, in which the pupil is led to take an intelligent and responsible part. There appears to be no progress in pages possible until principles are analyzed and mastered. As a scientific work, developing the laws of human expression in a clear and philosophic manner, it deserves a place among the best books ever presented for school and college use.

From the Illinois School Journal:

The aim of the author has been that of most men who have written for the "Common School Teacher," namely, to produce a book which can be used to advantage by the untrained teacher without the aid of practical instruction. It is this quality, mainly, that marks the financial success of any school book. That Mr. Brown has been more than ordinarily successful in this, we believe. He shows the skill of the real teacher by holding to one theme until it can hardly be misunderstood. The whole book is devoted to the business in hand, the teaching being continued to the close. An excellent feature is the fact that the author has not selected scraps for examples. Selections as long as those found in readers render the book fit to be used as a reading book.

From Geo. A. Boyle, Principal of Marion Schools, Kan.:

I have no hesitation in saying that "Common School Elocution" is the *best book of the kind I have ever seen.* After an examination of several other works on the subject we have adopted your book in our sixth and seventh grades.

From W. H. Hilyard, Co. Supt. Monroe Co., Ill.:

Teachers feel that something is needed to secure higher attainments to their pupils in their efforts to master the principles underlying a natural delivery in reading; and such a demand is unquestionably met in part, if not entirely, by a recent work entitled, "BROWN'S COMMON SCHOOL ELOCUTION." The treatise is designed and adapted for untrained teachers, presenting to such the requisite means whereby the subject of elocution can be acquired and successfully taught. The subject of GROUPING receives special attention; and it is believed that few, if any, works are so well adapted as this to enable the reader to grasp effectively an author's ideas, and to give proper expression to the thought and sentiment.

From G. L. Bowman, Prin. High School, Prescott, Wis.:

"Common School Elocution" has the following good points: (*a.*) It presents to the eye the entire work, by an excellent tabulation. (*b.*) It gives minute directions for breathing, and emphasizes that part of the work. (*c.*) It gives an idea of each quality of tone by likening it to some sound in nature familiar to the pupil, and gives minute directions for placing the organs to produce it. (*d.*) The selections used for illustrations are fresh, practical, and sufficiently comprehensive.

From Hon. Jas. P. Slade, State Supt. of Public Instruction, Ill.:

After having examined with some care your "Common School Elocution," I have to say that the definitions and directions are clear and concise and the illustrations and selections excellent.

The book seems to me to be well adapted to the purpose for which it was prepared, that of helping teachers to learn and to teach the science and the art of vocal expression. Those desirous of excelling as teachers of reading will find the work suggestive and very helpful.

From B. F. Sippy, Co. Supt. Madison Co., Ill.:

I am pleased to say that, after having carefully reviewed your "Common School Elocution," it is the best book of the kind that I have ever examined. The suggestions which appear throughout the book will certainly prove invaluable to the teachers of our common school in their efforts to teach that most neglected of all branches — READING.

From S. B. Hood, Supt. of Randolph Co., Ill.:

"BROWN'S COMMON SCHOOL ELOCUTION" is exactly adapted to our public schools. It is a nice mean between the *too much* of some authors, and the *too little* of others.

Its definitions, though concise, are clear, comprehensive and suggestive. The arrangement of topics is natural and their analysis logical. The *practical* bears *close* and *vitalizing* relations to the *theoretical*. The work as a whole is a rational system of elocution, with copious and well selected exercises for the elucidation and enforcement of its principles.

From James H. Brownlee, Prof. of Elocution and Literature, Southern Ill., Normal University:

I have carefully examined the "Common School Elocution," by Prof. I. H. Brown, and find it to be a thoroughly practical and scholarly work, and well calculated and adapted for use in the public schools. Just such a book has been needed, and it deserves a warm welcome from teachers, and a wide circulation. I am pleased to give my unqualified indorsement to so meritorious a work. Its introduction as a text-book into our schools will not fail to greatly assist the pupils in mastering the noble and useful art of speaking and reading with ease, variety and impressive effect.

From J. H. McDonald, Co. Supt. Crawford Co., Wis.:

Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your timely and meritorious work, "Common School Elocution." It must prove *the* thing in assisting teachers, students and public readers to step *out* of the present mechanical process of reading. I hope to see the day when every school "in the land" will be skilfully and practically following the observations and suggestions afforded by this laudable book.

From Miss Amelia W. Platter, Teacher of Elocution, Jeffersonville (Ind.) High School:

It has given me great pleasure to examine your excellent book. I like it very much. It is even better than I anticipated.

From H. H. Keebler, Prin. of Collinsville (Ill.) Public School:
I have carefully examined your "Common School Elocution," and I am very much pleased with it. It is well adapted to the wants of the school-room and private students. The "Common School Elocutionary Selections" is also a book of merit and compares favorably with the best of similar publications.

From W. H. La Rue, Prin. of Holt (Mo.) Public Schools:
Your "Common School Elocution," was duly received, and in reply would say that it is a *gem* production, and embraces all that is really necessary for a class of beginners or *even those who have some knowledge of this art*, and I am confident that it will stand the test of the most critical.

From J. M. Moore, Prin. Steel City Public Schools, Neb.:
I like your Elocution very much, I have been using it in my school since it came, I shall send you an order the last of this month.

From Theodore Adelmann, Prin. of Hermann (Mo.) Public Schools:
The nearer a text-book approaches nature the better adapted is it to the intelligent student. If any text-book possesses the claim of adherence to nature, "Brown's Elocution" is certainly the one; and I recommend it most heartily to the student of the much neglected art of Elocution. "Brown's Elocutionary Selections" is also worthy of much commendation, since it affords selections in all the various phases and branches of Elocution, with necessary annotations for the use of the student.

From W. H. Wasson, Prin. Schools, Mound City, Kan.:
I have given your book on Elocution, a thorough examination and like it very much.
It is a perfect gem, adapted to the use both of common and high schools. I hope you will meet with the success you so justly merit, for placing so valuable a book at a price that all can afford.

From W. H. Cole, Author of Cole's Institute Reader:
I am very much pleased with the arrangement of your "Common School Elocution." We need more work of this kind done in our common schools.

From Isaac W. Ogle, Prin. Steelville (Ill.) Schools:
The pupils are delighted with the work, and I am more than pleased with it. It ought to be in every school.

From Prof. F. W. Harding, of the Perry (Mich.) Normal and Business Inst.:
I have made a thorough examination of "Common School Elocution" and consider it among the best. Please send us fourteen copies of the Elocution and one copy of the Selections.

From W. S. Wilson, Prin. Sheldon (Iowa) Schools:
I like the "Common School Elocution" better than anything of the kind I have examined. It fills a long felt want. Send me 20 (twenty) copies for introduction, and be prepared to receive a call for more within a short time.

From Bion S. Hutchins, Supt. and Prin. High School, Beloit, Kan.:
The examination of your "Elocution" convinces me that the book is exceedingly practical for school work, and the selections both in the book of "Selections" and in the text-book appear to be the very latest and best. I am highly pleased with it, and hope to be able to use it soon.

From L. E. Smedley, Co. Supt. Putnam Co., Ind.:
The entertainment given by Prof. I. H. Brown before the County Institute at Greencastle, August 16, was one of the most pleasant features of the week. It consisted of well chosen selections and original sketches, full of wit, humor, and pathos, delivered in such a way as to bring out the full force of the sentiment and to please, entertain and convulse his large and appreciative audience. Prof. Brown has all those rare powers of delivery and facial expression so necessary to the successful Elocutionist. His entertainment was highly praised by all who heard him.

From the Petersburg (Ill.) Observer, July 21, 1883:
* * * The selections were excellent and rendered in fine, effective style, giving conclusive proof that the gentleman has made a careful and intelligent study of the art of Elocution. His voice is clear, ringing, and under good

control; his utterance distinct, with forcible and pointed expression. The numerous pieces rendered embraced the humorous, tragic, and pathetic, in poetry and prose, in both broken and pure English. Mr. Brown's ability to amuse and entertain his hearers was clearly demonstrated by the close attention paid him during the evening, as well as by the contagious laughter that followed each humorous recitation.

From the Tipton (Ind.) Times, Sept. 6, 1883:

* * * Prof. Brown is a thorough master of his art, and completely delighted the audience which assembled to hear him. He is not only a finished scholar, but a pleasant and sociable gentlemen as well. If he should come again to Tipton he may rest assured that he will be greeted with a crowded house such as he deserves.

From Geo. N. Elliott, School Com., Linn Co., Mo.:

Prof. I. H. Brown, during my Normal Institute in August, 1883, lectured to the teachers on the principles of Elocution and gave a public elocutionary entertainment. I am convinced that he thoroughly understands the subject and has many original and useful ideas on the methods of teaching the same. The entertainment given was interesting and heartily enjoyed by the audience. His characterization was fine, and his Shakesperian renditions particularly praiseworthy.

From the Harrisburg (Ill.) Chronicle-Sentinel, Aug. 17, 1883:

Prof. I. H. Brown, the Elocutionist, lectured at the M. E. Church Wednesday evening, and those who were fortunate enough to be present were well repaid and immensely pleased and delighted with the entertainment. The audience was a most an appreciative one. The lecture, while abounding in amusement was no less instructive in the science of vocal and physical expression. Prof. Brown is the author of several works on Elocution, and stands high in his profession. Should he again visit our town we promise him a much larger audience. The fact is, we want to hear Brown again, and we want to hear him often. His elocution and his human nature are done up "brown."

From the Kahoka (Mo.) Herald:

The elocutionary entertainment given by Prof. Brown at the court-house last Thursday night was indeed a rare treat. Mr. Brown is the finest mimic and most perfect elocutionist that has been in Kahoka. He was favored with a large audience, and the general expression was that his entertainment was the best that has favored this city for years.

From J. F. Arnold, Co. Supt. Jasper Co., Ill.:

Prof. I. H. Brown, gave one of his Elocutionary entertainments at the Opera Hall, July 25, 1883. He was greeted by a large and appreciative audience, which he held for one and one-half hours. He recited many fine selections. And at times received great applause, Prof. Brown is a fine reader and a natural actor. As a reader he has but few equals.

From the Democratic Herald, Lawrenceville, Ill.:

* * * Mr. Brown is an excellent Elocutionist, and has evidently devoted considerable time and attention to the study of elocution. In the delineation of German characters he is especially fine. His style of gesticulation is original with himself and differs materially from that adopted by many public speakers.

From Frank B. Crockett, Co. Supt. Tipton Co., Ind.:

From observations made during Prof. Brown's work in our Institute ending in his elocutionary and mimical entertainment under the Institute's auspices, I take pleasure in commending him as a practical, masterly, unassuming worker. His "COMMON SCHOOL ELOCUTION" is invaluable. His close relation with educational work, and especially with the language department, has enabled him to prepare a book equalled by few and excelled by none. Those having occasion to use his services will indorse this statement.

From the Highland (Ill.) Telephone:

Prof. Brown, assisted by his nine-year-old daughter, gave a very excellent Elocutionary entertainment in Turner Hall last Friday evening, which was well attended. * * * Mr. Brown's rendition of Over the Hill from the

Poor House was superb, and his listeners sat in the profoundest silence drinking in the words of the narrative as though the subject of it himself, and not a personator, was relating the story. The closing lines were so grandly given that one could almost in reality see it all, and the sympathetic tear drop stole into the eye of tender-hearted listeners. This one performance alone was worth the price of admission. * * * Miss Edith's performances were very interesting; her grief over her "Dead Doll" could scarcely be excelled; so apparently natural was her weeping that it was difficult to realize she was but feigning.

From Chas. H. Martin, Supt. Schools, Lawrenceville, Ill.:

Prof. Brown's work in our Institute was practical and highly appreciated by the teachers. The more so on account of the enthusiasm which he throws into his work.

His Elocutionary entertainment given at the court house was well patronized by our citizens and indeed was a success in every respect.

We hope the Professor may visit us again.

From the Mattoon (Ill.) Gazette:

Prof. I. H. Brown gave an Elocutionary entertainment at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. last evening. The Professor is a finished elocutionist and gave his audience a highly enjoyable entertainment. We hope he will pay our city another visit, and we bespeak for him such an audience as he deserves.

From R. D. Miller, Co. Supt. Menard Co., Ill.:

I take great pleasure in stating to you that your work in our Institute both in the Public Reading, and in the course of instruction given the class, was received most favorably; and the verdict of those most competent to judge is that you are an artist of great ability both natural and acquired; and as a teacher of Elocution you are unsurpassed by any of the many who have taught in this place.

From Douglas Dobbins, Co. Supt. Shelby Co., Ind.:

We listened to Prof. Brown two hours. When I say *listened* I mean the full perfect act the verb expresses. There was no yawning, no closing up of tired eyelids, no hungry longing looks toward the door. All went away from his lecture pleased, and this is what might be heard on our streets next day. "That Prof. Brown is immense." "His voice is perfect." "His characterization is true to life." "His dialectric readings very superior." "His rendering of Over the Hill from the Poor House the best we ever heard."

We will try to have him come again.

From the Brookfield (Mo.) Gazette:

Prof. I. H. Brown's Elocutionary entertainment at Strawbridge Hall on Monday evening, was well attended and gave excellent satisfaction. * * * His Shylock, after Edwin Booth, was the best we ever heard as an Elocutionary effort; and his parody or modernization of the extortioner's reply to Antonio, was inimitable, and "brought down the house," as the phrase goes. Prof. Brown is a master of the noble art.